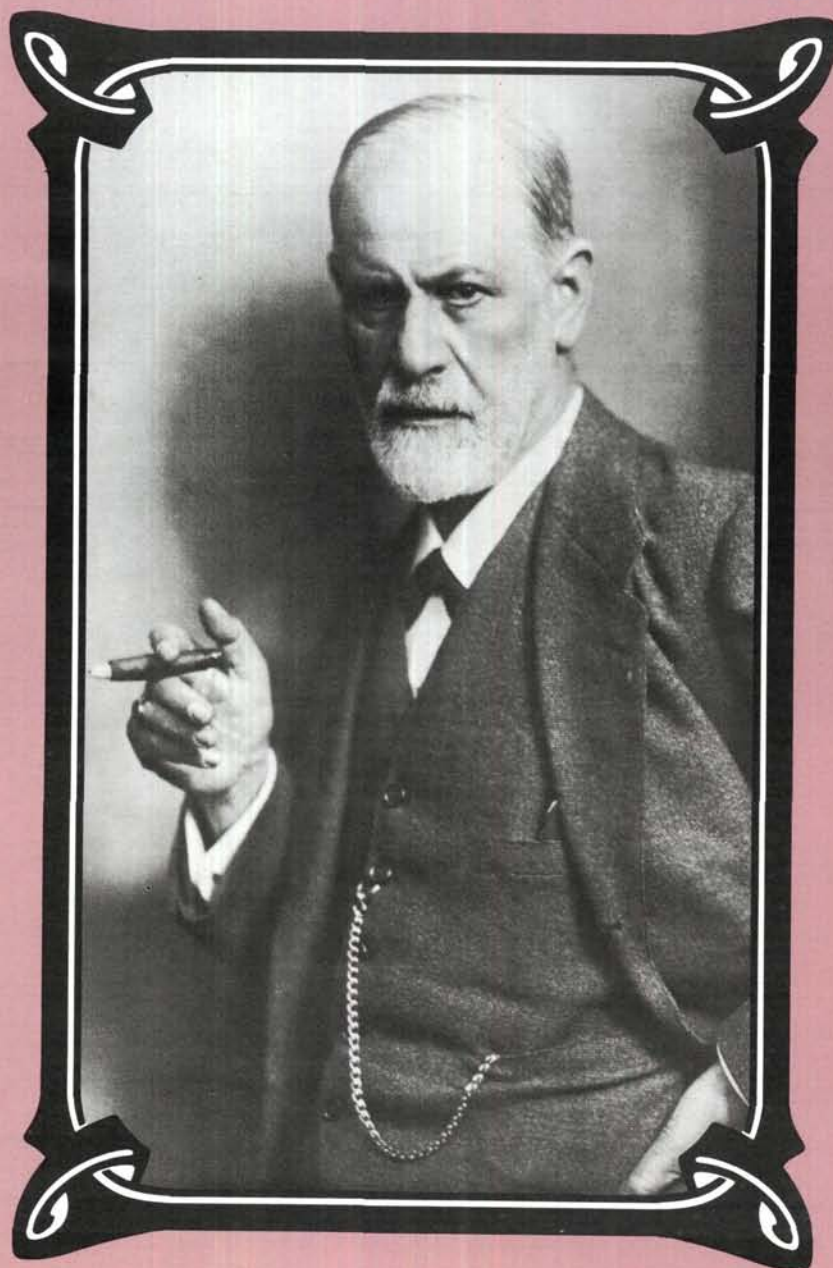


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THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 25, 1979

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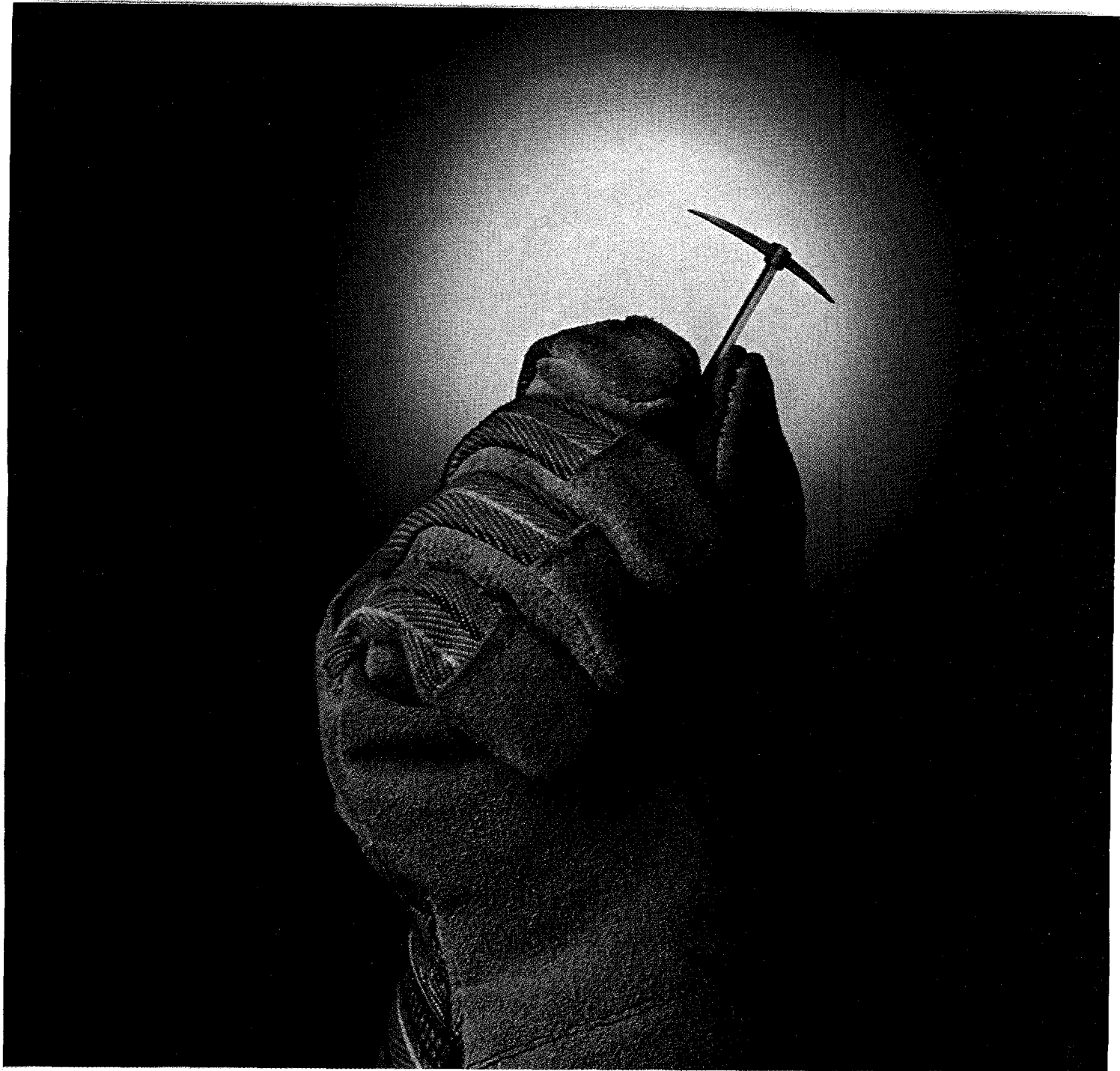


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TRB

from Washington
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Lightstick Control

While everybody in Washington was talking about something else the Justice Department quietly filed an unprecedented civil suit against Mayor Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia and 20 other high-ranking municipal and police officials. It told them that they would have to obey the law. They have been curtailing rights of individual citizens, it charged, in a way that is "arbitrary, unreasonable and shocking to the conscience." Nobody knew the suit was coming. Washington is in its steamy, sultry summer. Congress is away. What columnists are here are putting in their daily routine: flagellate Carter in the morning and a round of golf in the afternoon. The unexpected suit against Rizzo is the work of former attorney general Griffin Bell—a little departing gift, as it were, of his inconspicuous incumbency. Other cities considered for similar suits: Mobile, Houston, and Memphis. With 50 million handguns privately owned in the United States, the ultimate cure for the country may be law and order. The guns are a symbol of it and at the same time its cause and effect. Americans are afraid of Americans. They are ready with arms. It is as easy to buy a gun as a slight. The crime rate staggers every foreign visitor and sullies our name abroad. People don't like to acknowledge the situation but it is a glaring failure of American democracy. Mayor Rizzo enters the thing because it is the very essence of the law-and-

order politician in the Revolver Era. He is 58, 6'2", weighs 240, and (I hate to say it) ingratiating in a primitive way, if you can take him. His father was a cop, he was a cop, he left high school without graduating, joined the force in 1943 ("the toughest cop in America," he boasted), and worked his way up to be commissioner and then became mayor in 1951, the first incumbent commissioner to make the jump.

Come with him on his raid on the Black Panthers, August 1970; he invited reporters to see the show. There was racial tension in the city, a guard shot in Fairmount Park and two policemen wounded in the ghetto, though no connection with the Panthers was established. With newsmen, TV cameras, and a radio hook-up focused at close range, Panther headquarters were entered and gutted, plumbing fixtures ripped out, furniture chopped up, six party members led into the streets, handcuffed, stood against a wall, and stripped naked. Rizzo gloated, "Imagine the big Black Panthers with their pants down!"

The photos went around the world and brought bitter denunciation. Rizzo apparently learned, for the first time, that there was another audience out there. In an almost continuous series of defensive press conferences he justified his action, called for a "shoot-out" in the streets if necessary, and exclaimed to scribbling reporters, "If we let idiots like this survive under our form of government, maybe we ought to change it."

Rizzo started as Republican, switched to the Democrats to get elected as mayor, hailed Nixon in 1972 as "the greatest president in our nation's history." He locked up 39 people peacefully carrying anti-Nixon and antiwar signs when Nixon visited Philadelphia and let them out when Nixon left, without charges. Just to round out some recent cases, when 10 policemen broke nightsticks over a prostrate black man, Rizzo observed whimsically that "it's easy to break some of these nightsticks nowadays," and when a mentally retarded white man was shown to have been wrongfully convicted of murder because of intimidation and police beatings in interrogations, Rizzo kept the officers on duty: "these were good men who did nothing wrong." CBS Evening News showed one of these ghastly incidents with Philadelphia police beating a black man in the gutter and kicking his head like a football.

America's dilemma is that it is insecure. Social tension increases in

recessions, as it will this year if unemployment jumps. There is the tradition of frontier violence. The lower middle class wants a safer, saner world, the underclass of blacks and Hispanics feels the injustice of poverty. Strain is inevitable where the lowest fifth gets only 4.5 percent of the national income and the top fifth gets 42.8 percent. Everybody worries about crime. But is the answer a gun in the closet and Rizzo in the mayor's office? Presidents named five national crime studies between 1967 and 1973; no country in the world has so thoroughly investigated crime. All five reports said substantially the same thing and little has been done about it. Each one recommended handgun control.

"For the last 40 years an overwhelming majority of Americans have been demanding gun control action by Congress," writes Teddy Kennedy. "But Congress has succumbed to well-financed and well-organized special interests."

His two brothers were murdered. Andrew Jackson was the first president attacked. Both pistols of his assailant miraculously failed. That was 1833. Since then, 33 men have held the office, attempts have been made on nine, and four attempts have succeeded: one in eight.

The National Rifle Association, the Washington gun lobby, has Congress intimidated. When Carter nominated a gun-control advocate, Representative Abner Mikva of Illinois, for a federal judgeship, the Rifle Association had the gall to appear against him.

Carter campaigned for gun control and was reminded of it last April at a press conference. Yes, he replied, the Treasury proposed last year a "routine requirement" to register serial numbers. "Congress not only rejected the idea," he said, "but they removed from the Treasury budget four and a half million dollars that could have been used for the program." It would be useless for him to "pursue it aggressively" after that, he said with a touch of the martyr.

Rizzo calls the action against him "complete hogwash." It is all political! Federal aid to Philadelphia amounts to four million dollars; let them stick it, he growls. It is a queer confrontation, born-again Jimmy versus Bullyboy Rizzo. Yet it is encouraging to see the Carter administration's sudden, startling action—the first ever. It may be that there will be some federal control over brutal, law-and-order despots after all. Good for Carter.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC



A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 181, No. 8, Issue 3372, August 25, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, \$1.00; Yearly subscriptions, \$24; foreign, \$27; students, \$17.

Copyright 1979 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6593). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, MA 01588. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Cover: Sigmund Freud, about 1921. Photo from Sigmund Freud: His Life in Pictures and Words edited by Ernst Freud, Lucie Freud, and Ilse Grubrich-Simitis (1976). Reproduced courtesy of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Article on page 25.

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August 25, 1979



Strings Attached

Unless the Carter administration stumbles badly (and that possibility cannot be dismissed), it appears that the SALT II treaty will be approved by the Senate. The opponents of SALT, determined to provoke a new cold war between the US and the Soviet Union in order to divert vast new resources to defense spending, have been forced to retreat from one strategy to another. From outright Senate rejection of SALT, they stepped back to a defeat-by-amendment strategy, whereby the Senate would have demanded renegotiation of the treaty with the Soviets on terms the USSR likely would not accept. The logic of the anti-SALT campaign was sketched in hearings before the Senate Armed Services Committee, where Senator Gary Hart of Colorado walked key military and civilian defense officials through lists of the weapons the US most wants to build and the Soviet weapons we most fear. In every case, it turned out that SALT would not inhibit the US program, and defeat of SALT would not stop the Soviets from proceeding with their most dangerous weapons. On the contrary, with SALT defeated, the Soviets probably would produce more multiple-warhead heavy missiles than the SALT II limits allow, and they would be able to do so in secret, unimpeded by SALT's verification rules.

These facts, as well as concern about the impact of a new cold war on domestic politics and civil liberties in the US, persuaded us to support the SALT treaty at the outset. We are pleased that the pro-treaty arguments seem to be attracting majority sentiment in the Senate. But the Senate consensus is not turning purely pro-SALT. There are big-money strings attached. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have conditioned their endorsement of SALT on increases in the defense budget of four or five percent a year. Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia, an influential moderate conservative and a defense expert, declared that a real five percent increase was necessary to win his vote. And former secretary of state Henry Kissinger demanded similar defense increases as his price for supporting SALT.

Gleefully, die-hard opponents of SALT and detente began to fasten on the Nunn-Kissinger ultimatum as a potential tool for killing SALT. Senators Henry Jackson and John Tower joined Nunn in proposing a five percent spending increase, hoping the administration would not agree to it. Columnists George Will and Evans and Novak claimed that President Carter couldn't agree to such an increase if he hoped to attract any support from liberals in next year's elections. Indeed, 12 liberal senators have threatened to vote against SALT if the Nunn-Kissinger price is paid. George McGovern, for one, claimed that the Nunn-Kissinger package was merely "a formula for escalating the arms race . . . beyond where we would have been without a treaty." McGovern and Oregon Republican Mark Hatfield especially object to the MX missile, a top priority of the hawks. They are offended that the MX would give the United States a theoretical first-strike capability against Soviet land-based missiles in the 1990s. Other liberals are aghast at the financial drain the Nunn-Kissinger ultimatum entails. The Carter administration originally asked for \$122.7 billion in defense spending for fiscal 1980; a five percent increase would push the defense budget above \$128 billion. Accounting for inflation, some budget analysts have anticipated that Nunn's demands would entail increases of \$68 billion over five years above current administration projections.

The liberals' case is bolstered by assertions from the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee (which recommended a two-billion-dollar defense cut) that the Pentagon is sitting on \$22 billion in appropriated funds that it "doesn't know how to spend." And neither Nunn nor Kissinger has presented a shopping list that would justify committing tens of billions of dollars. As columnist Tom Wicker observed, the Kissinger-Nunn option calls for merely throwing money at the defense problem, an approach that would be laughed out of Congress if it were suggested for HEW or HUD. Some liberals are also angry that hawks should attempt to

link defense spending to SALT. They say that arms control is being held hostage for arms racing.

Carter administration officials believe they have a compromise solution that will carry SALT and also make sense. The administration is willing to introduce a supplemental appropriation bill calling for an increase in spending to \$126 billion in fiscal 1980 and to propose an increase of three percent annually for the next five years. But the administration is not merely throwing money at the defense problem, as Nunn and Kissinger are. In 1978, the United States solemnly pledged to our NATO allies that US defense spending would increase by three percent a year for the next five years in order to help the Western alliance modernize its forces to meet increasingly superior Soviet forces. In preparing this year's budget request, the Office of Management and Budget first tried to interpret the US pledge as applying to NATO-related expenses only. The Pentagon won adherence to the original pledge of a three percent increase overall, but OMB managed to cut the budget anyway by calculating inflation at only 6.5 percent, instead of the actual rate of 10 percent.

The administration apparently plans to call for an honest three percent hike, and for restoration of cuts imposed by the congressional committees. Defense officials point out that the Pentagon's \$22 billion in unobligated funds is not money the military "doesn't know what to do with," but money that Congress has appropriated for future years' expenses in new weapons programs and construction projects. Congress, not the Pentagon, established five-year advance appropriation for construction and three years for weapons procurement, defense officials say. And they say that the US Treasury as a whole contains \$200 billion in "pipeline" money, of which the Pentagon has claims on less than any other government department.

Unlike Nunn and Kissinger, the Carter administration does have detailed plans for how to spend more money. These plans include the MX missile, and we regretfully conclude that they should. Years of US restraint in defense spending and new weapons-building have not been matched by Soviet restraint. The US has not increased the number of land-based missiles in its arsenal for more than 10 years, and has specifically avoided building weapons that would threaten the Soviet arsenal. But the Soviets have reached and surpassed the US in virtually every category of strategic capability. They also have superiority in ground-based forces and are challenging US superiority at sea. The United States has spent less money on defense every year during most of the last decade, while Soviet spending increased by four or five percent a year. The only conclusion we can draw from this is that the Soviets cannot be persuaded by example to limit their arms. They must be persuaded by the prospect that their spending will be nullified by ours. To get them to stop building missiles that threaten our missiles, we have to begin building missiles that

threaten theirs. It's a sad state of affairs, but it seems to be human nature.

Beyond the MX, the administration's priority list for weapons includes, as the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff said, "a lot of mundane things" such as more spare parts, flying time for pilots, maintenance money and other "readiness" items for conventional forces that perpetually get cut by Congress because they lack political appeal. Congress needn't give the Pentagon carte blanche on every operations-and-maintenance item it requests, but this is a category of spending that has been given inadequate attention. In general, we support the administration's three percent alternative. And we believe that Sam Nunn and George McGovern ought to support it too. It provides a means of agreement on SALT—which is a defense issue, as well as an arms control issue, after all—and for fulfillment of US pledges to our allies.

While we support this compromise in principle, we urge the administration and Congress to conduct a full-scale review of what the United States spends on defense money on. As Senator Hart has noted, there is an alternative to the Nunn-Kissinger approach that "more is better" in defense spending and the McGovern-Hatfield "less is better" approach. As Hart says, the US should base its planning on the notion that "better is better."

Hart, a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, has proposed several new departures which seem promising to us. They include shifting the emphasis of US defense from ground forces to sea

Recent Staff Changes

With this issue, Martin Peretz becomes editor-in-chief and publisher. Michael Kinsley becomes editor. Marty Peretz has been owner of *The New Republic* since 1974 and editor since 1975. Mike Kinsley has been managing editor since 1976.

Bob Cohen, who recently joined our staff as a general manager and associate publisher, was circulation manager of *Sports Illustrated*. Bart Rubenstein, our new assistant publisher, is a recent graduate of Harvard Business School.

In our arts department, Ann Hulbert has become assistant literary editor. Robert Brustein, director of the American Repertory Theater at Harvard and *TNR* contributing editor since 1961, will write a monthly essay on the theater beginning in September. Stanley Kauffmann, our film critic since 1958, will continue his weekly column, of course.

Robert Myers, publisher of *The New Republic* since 1968, has left to become an independent publishing consultant. Ken Bode, politics editor since 1975, has joined NBC News as a political correspondent.

Correspondence

Alleged break-ins

To the editors:

In the July 21 & 28 issue of *The New Republic*, Seymour Melman's review of *The New Tyranny*, by Robert Jungk, contains the sentence "The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has reportedly employed an investigative firm, Western Research, to perform break-ins and burglaries to obtain information on opponents of nuclear power in the area."

That sentence is false. Pacific Gas and Electric Company has never employed anyone to perform break-ins and burglaries for any purpose.

This company has used the services of a firm named Research West to accomplish federally required screening of employees at nuclear facilities. As part of its security system, Pacific Gas and Electric Company also has used the research services of Research West in collecting information from public documents and various media which Pacific Gas and Electric is unable to monitor completely.

Charles T. Van Deusen
Assistant General Counsel
Pacific Gas and Electric Company
San Francisco, California

Professed belief in the family

To the editors:

Nicholas Von Hoffman ("Children: Our Most Precious Resource," *TNR*, June 30) quotes "one Marian Wright Edelman, director of the Children's Defense Fund," as saying "Our child welfare programs fail these children, make a mockery of our professional [sic] belief in the family and waste taxpayers' money."

What I actually said in a news release announcing the release of CDF's three-year study, *Children Without Homes*, was that "Most children grow up secure in their own homes, but over half a million do not. Our child welfare programs fail these children, make a mockery of our professed belief in the family and waste taxpayers' money."

What is the answer? One immediate answer is passage this year of new federal legislation to reform the child welfare system. Such a bill, H.R. 3434, awaits full House, Senate Finance Committee, and Senate action. It would eliminate current fiscal incentives to keep children in out-of-home care; increase funds for preventive, reunifica-

tion, and adoption services; and strengthen protections for children and families to avoid the unnecessary removal and long-term impermanence that so many children now suffer.

I wonder whether Mr. Von Hoffman will read the report and bill and write a constructive rather than cynic's tongue-in-cheek piece next time.

Marian Wright Edelman
Director
The Children's Defense Fund
Washington, DC

Hutchinsland defended

To the editors:

At some point in his attack on the late Robert M. Hutchins and the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions ("Hutchinsland," *TNR*, July 21 & 28), Edward Engberg had to face the fact that the Center must have been doing something in the 20 years it has been in existence. But how to do that, how to fulfill the editor's promise that this article on the Center would tell *The New Republic* readers what the Center does? Quite a problem, especially if your purpose in writing the piece is derision, not explication.

I know that space does not permit the kind of reporting job in your letters column that Mr. Engberg should have done in his article. But in the last year alone, the Center has sponsored and published confrontations between Senator Edward Kennedy and Harvard Law Professor Vern Countryman on the proposed federal criminal code; Robert Bork and Floyd Abrams on First Amendment freedom-of-the-press issues in the nation's courts; CIA Director Stansfield Turner and Thomas I. Emerson on reform of the intelligence agencies. We have had dialogues with Gerald Bender and Richard Sklar on superpower rivalry on the African continent; Franklin Tugwell on the Trilateral Commission's energy study; Amory Lovins on soft energy alternatives; H. Stuart Hughes on Italian communism; Richard Lichtman on the psychological effects of unemployment; Steven Spiegel on Camp David-style Middle East diplomacy. We have had in-depth interviews with Fred Graham on American journalism and with Robert McKay on the legal profession in this country. We have taken up—in a series of meetings on each issue—such problems as exclusionary zoning in American cities; illegal immigration; Proposition 13; and

the impact of the Vietnam War on American culture and society. We have set up the William O. Douglas Inquiry, a continuing program to examine the contemporary state of the individual freedoms enumerated in the Bill of Rights.

Donald McDonald, Editor
The Center Magazine
Santa Barbara, California

Author's rebuttal on 'The Politics of War'

To the editors:

In his review of my book *The Politics of War* (*TNR*, July 21), Professor Williams says that I am trying to persuade readers that "our empire is the result of a small number of politicians using foreign adventures to retain power." That is somewhat misleading. I was not trying to account for America's contemporary global power ("our empire"). What I tried to show was that between 1890 and 1917 "the last great popular struggle in America to maintain a genuinely free republic" resulted in a large number of politicians twice resorting to war to retain their threatened power.

Professor Williams calls a description of a president's political beliefs and intentions "crude psychologizing." Professor Williams's belief that a president's political intentions belong to the realm of psychology seems to imply that for him the political intentions of presidents are of no real consequence in history. I think Professor Williams is dead wrong but here I am arguing across the abyss that separates traditional political history from Professor Williams's Marxism.

Professor Williams cites as one of my "hilarious" errors my alleged assertion that Republican leaders only began "to push the Navy" after the 1890 elections. What I said was that after 1890 Republican leaders began promoting a "large foreign policy," as they themselves called it.

Professor Williams cites as another of these errors my assertion that the post-Civil War electorate was readily manageable due to the voters' rigid adherence to one or the other major party. That, says Professor Williams, is untrue because presidential elections were close in those days. Wrong. It is precisely when presidential elections are close contests between rival legions of rabid partisans that the electorate gives

(continued on page 39)

recognizing that the basic threat to our interests is the threat to our supplies of oil and other resources. Hart recommends that the US shift its naval strategy from emphasis on huge aircraft carriers and accompanying task forces to more smaller ships capable of operating independently. He favors heavy reductions in ground forces, but improving the mobility and fast-maneuver tactics of those remaining. Instead of using US technology to develop more costly and complicated weapons and communications systems, Hart favors emphasizing simplicity, easy maintenance, and reliability.

We believe it is important for SALT to pass the Senate. We also believe that some increase in defense spending is called for, both to accomplish that end and on its own merits. But we are not for *any* increase, and we urge this administration and Congress to review again what increases are best.

White House Watch

Corrections

On Thursday afternoon, August 9, the newly designated chief of the White House staff, Hamilton Jordan, announced some changes in that staff's personnel and structure. On Wednesday afternoon, August 15, the President accepted "with deep regret" the resignation of his ambassador to the United Nations, Andrew Young.

There is an unhappy parallel between the Jordan announcements and Young's resignation. The staff changes were intended in part to correct past flaws of perception and practice at the Carter White House. The resignation resulted from behavior that was possible only because of a mistake the President made when he appointed Andrew Young. The mistake was in granting Young a degree of autonomy and independence from the President and the secretary of state that the 1945 law authorizing the appointment of a permanent representative to the United Nations denies to the ambassador in the job. That ambassador is the only one who is specifically required by law to do and say in his official capacity only what the President and the secretary of state authorize him or her to do and say. The law apart, common sense dictates the same limitation.

Carter promised Young complete independence and, to boot, let him choose the assistant secretary of state (for international organization affairs) who in previous administrations monitored the UN ambassador's conduct and passed higher instructions to him. Since he took the job in 1977, Ambassador Young has had every right to believe that he was free to do what he pleased

and say what he pleased. Carter by the terms of the appointment brought upon himself the many embarrassments that followed, including the one that led to Young's dismissal. Young thought it needful and appropriate to deal directly, though briefly, with the Palestine Liberation Organization's representative at the UN, in violation of Carter policy. He also thought it needful and appropriate to tell the Department of State and let the department tell the press that his meeting with the PLO man was accidental when in fact it had been arranged. The lie, not the deed, was too much for Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and, in the end, for the President.

The White House staff changes and the beginnings of reorganization followed the replacement of five members of the Carter Cabinet and the President's repeated admissions that for his own and the country's sake he had to make a show of leadership that he had previously failed to provide. A fair question therefore arose: was the White House exercise for real, or was for effect? The common and expectable answer at the White House was that it was indeed for real. A better answer that also was heard, but not so often, was that it was a little of both—for real, yes, but also for effect. Beyond doubt, the exercise constituted recognition that this President was in serious trouble and that he and his people had to work their way out of it with a better performance, at the White House and throughout the federal government, than the Carter administration displayed during its first 31 months.

The resignation of White House counsel Robert Lipshutz and his likely replacement by Lloyd Cutler, a Washington attorney with a personal clout and prestige that Lipshutz has never claimed, signaled to the President's conclusion that in his time of trouble and this prelude to 1980 he needs a different sort of staff lawyer. The change also signified to some people, including some at the White House, a confession that Lipshutz lacks the competence to be White House counsel. The President manifestly disagrees with this appraisal of Lipshutz. When he returns to Atlanta, Lipshutz is to be Carter's personal attorney, a trustee (with Atlanta lawyer Charles Kirbo) of Carter's estate, and chairman of a committee that is to be formed to establish a Carter presidential library. On the other hand, Kirbo sells the President's principal business, the Carter peanut warehouse and processing plant in Plains, he intends to withdraw from the trusteeship. Lipshutz will then be Carter's sole trustee. The best indication of Carter's opinion of Lipshutz is that he could have a nomination to the US Circuit Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia or to an expected vacancy on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in Atlanta if he wanted either one. Partly because former attorney general Griffin Bell, a sometime member of the Fifth Circuit Court, tells Lipshutz that the best he can be might be boring, Lipshutz has decided he'd rather go back to private practice.

The chief mark against Lipshutz is that he let Carter interpret the comptroller general's finding in 1977 that there were no grounds for indicting and prosecuting budget director Bert Lance as total absolution of Lance. Deputy Secretary of the Treasury Robert Carswell, who oversaw the preparation of the comptroller general's report and briefed Lipshutz and others at the White House on it, was appalled by the President's interpretation of it and his famous remark to Lance, "Bert, I'm proud of you." Hamilton Jordan, Press Secretary Jody Powell, and Carter's unofficial mentor, Charles Kirbo, joined Lipshutz in telling Carter how to interpret the report. Lipshutz is known to be confident that when the Carter presidential papers are published years from now, they will show that he did not read the report the way Carter did.

Two of the changes were obvious pre-1980 politics. Tom Kraft, the staff's chief liaison man (under Jordan) with the Democratic party, is moving over to the Carter-Mondale campaign committee. Esteban Torres, a member of the UN Economic and Social Council, is to be the White House staff specialist in relations with Hispanic Americans. Another change, informally announced but still pending, is the departure of chief lobbyist Gerald Rafshoon. He is resuming control of Rafshoon Communications, a promotional outfit that will have among its paying clients the Carter-Mondale committee. Most of the White House functions assigned to him when he joined the staff last year, presidential speech-writing among them, probably will be returned to Jody Powell. He is looking for a strong deputy to run them. Tom Ross and Hodding Carter III, chief spokesmen respectively for the Defense and State departments, have been approached and have told Powell well no thanks.

The two most interesting and meaningful changes are in the form of additions to the staff. Hedley Donovan, who succeeded the late Henry Luce as editor-in-chief of Time, Inc., has come aboard as a senior adviser responsible directly and only to the President. Alonzo McDonald, a professional management consultant, has come to work for Hamilton Jordan as staff director, a new job and title. McDonald will continue to be acting special trade representative until the appointment of Ambassador Robert Strauss's successor in that job, former governor Reubin Askew of Florida, is confirmed by the Senate.

Hedley Donovan is one of the two best editors I have worked for during 52 years in journalism. The best one is Henry Luce. How Donovan will do as a senior adviser to the President remains to be seen. He surely draws from his experience in Time, Inc., that senior assistants who are not in the chain of command and are responsible only to the top boss are generally miserable and frustrated. I testify from my experience that they are as hell were in Time, Inc. But then, of course, the White House is not a corporation. Listening to Jordan and Alonzo McDonald describe

what the new staff director is supposed to do, you'd think the White House is a corporation. McDonald expects and is expected to apply at the White House, with some but minimal modification, the management techniques that he made his fortune selling to and installing in corporations. Every White House assistant with whom I've discussed the prospect is enthusiastic about it, and not just because Carter and Jordan are. They unanimously affirm that the Carter White House desperately needs the sort of coordination and central direction—"interfacing" is the management profession's horrible term for it—that McDonald is there to provide and Jordan admits himself to be incapable of providing.

The process of change, beginning with Jordan's designation as chief of staff, has had a fascinating effect on him. Despite his reputation for brassy and occasionally gauche behavior, Jordan by nature is a rather diffident person. Now he brims with self-confidence. A line he spoke in describing his and McDonald's relationship says it all. "I speak and act for the President," Jordan said. "Mr. McDonald speaks and acts for me." Jordan is 34. McDonald is 51.

John Osborne

ETS has good reason to fear New York's new "Truth-in-Testing" law.

Evening the Score

In 1980 more than 200,000 New York state teenagers will sharpen their number two pencils and sit down to take the dreaded Scholastic Aptitude Test or SAT—the two-and-a-half-hour standardized test that will determine whether they are admitted to the colleges of their choice. But the 1980 crop of aspiring students will have many advantages over the millions who have taken the tests before them. Under a new New York state law, recently signed by Governor Hugh Carey, the students will be well informed about the validity of the tests and their rights as testing consumers. New York's so-called "Truth-in-Testing" law will subject to public scrutiny for the first time the testing agencies that have long had the power to destroy a person's academic and career aspirations in a single morning.

Testing agencies, the virtual gatekeepers of the American elite, have become entrusted with the task of preserving the meritocratic system by means of multiple-choice exams. The undisputed lord of the nation's testers is the Educational Testing Service, a non-profit organization based in Princeton, New Jersey. ETS puts out the SAT, almost all major

(continued on page 12)

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admissions exams for colleges, graduate and professional schools, and entrance tests for hundreds of occupations. Despite the enormous power it has over people's lives, and despite many questions that have arisen about the validity of multiple-choice exams in predicting college and career performance, and about racial and economic biases in the tests, ETS has operated since 1947 totally free from government scrutiny or supervision. People who pay to take the tests are powerless to know how the questions were compiled, what the right answers were, or even if their scores have been added up right.

The "Truth-in-Testing" law, which goes into effect next January 1, applies to all tests that are administered to more than 5000 persons who are applying to college and graduate schools: namely, the SATs, the MCATs (medical boards), the LSATs (law boards), and the GREs (Graduate Record Examinations). The law contains three major provisions. First, test-takers must be told when they register how their scores will be computed; what the tester's contractual obligation to them is; and how test scores have been found to correlate with important background factors such as race, economic class, and special coaching and preparation for the exams. Second, the law requires testing companies to file information and studies on the validity of the exams with the office of the state education commissioner, where the material will be available to independent researchers, curious parents, teachers, and students.

The most dramatic provision of the bill is one that makes public the formerly top-secret questions and correct answers to the exams. Thirty days after the test's results are in, the tester must file copies of the questions and answers with the commissioner. Furthermore, within 30 days of receiving the results, a student is entitled to a copy of his or her graded answer sheet.

This "sunshine" provision, as it is commonly known, provoked ETS to let loose upon every college president and high school principal in New York a torrent of letters, mailgrams, telephone calls, and memos, all threatening the state educational system with dire consequences. Since the law will breach the security of the exams, ETS argues, most questions can't be re-used; many more versions of each test will have to be created at a considerable cost. Now, ETS is warning of increases in test fees by as much as 50 percent in 1980. This, their spokespeople bitingly add, will penalize poor people and minorities. ETS is also predicting that it will have to cut back on the number of testing sessions throughout the year, and curtail special sessions for the bed-ridden and those who observe the Jewish Sabbath (most ETS tests are on Saturdays). In short, says the testing agency, the "Truth-in-Testing" law hurts minorities, orthodox Jews, the poor, the sick, and the handicapped. Quite a sympathetic collection.

According to a recent memo by the College Entrance Examination Board, which sponsors the SATs, "truth-in-testing will only advantage—if it advantage anybody at all—aggressive families whose indignation at low reported scores will impose a higher cost on a other families."

ETS and the College Board would have us believe that because a test like the GRE is given 20 times a year and in special sessions, there need to be 20 or more different versions of the test to comply with the new law. But it takes ETS at least 30 days to grade the exam and the bill allows another 30 days before the questions and answers must be released. With a little simple arithmetic, it is clear that testing could operate on a 60 day cycle and only six versions of a test need be developed each year.

ETS's own internal studies cast doubt on the company's threats about the cost of complying with the law. According to a 1972 breakdown of how fees are spent, less than five percent goes into the writing of the tests. About 25 percent is profit for ETS and its clients—certainly enough to absorb some of the costs of writing new questions. Besides, only a small percentage of the test questions are reused now.

More severe intimidation tactics are being used by the Association of American Medical Colleges, which sponsors the MCATs. This medical school admission test is the only major exam run by ETS's competitor, the Iowa-based American College Testing Service. Less than a week after "Truth-in-Testing" was signed into law, the Association announced that it would stop giving the MCATs in New York state at the end of the year, forcing New York's pre-med students to travel out of state for the exam. After this threat, officers of the state Education Commission reread the law and concluded that it applies to tests given anywhere for admission to schools in New York state. Dismayed, Medical College Association officials may challenge the constitutionality of such an interpretation.

The hysterical reaction of the admissions boards and testing services is actually quite understandable, in light of what is at stake. Truth-in-Testing is not simply a piece of consumer legislation. It is a challenge to the entire system of psychometrics. The real threat to the testing companies from having to reveal the questions and the correct answers is not that they will have to make up new questions each time. Rather, it is that the tests will be subject to outside scrutiny and evaluation for the first time.

Since World War II the notion of a hand-picked elite has been made obsolete by the computerized world and the multiple-choice exam. Standardized testing gained respectability during the war when the Office of Strategic Services commissioned psychometricians to develop tests that could allocate human resources as quickly as possible. During the great influx of college applicants after the war, the College Board, along with the Carnegie Foundation and American Council

education, established ETS as a non-profit organization to administer the SAT and develop new tests.

Under the loose supervision of the College Board, ETS rode on top of a wave of testing mania, doubling its revenues almost every five years. It tests everybody from toddlers applying to nursery schools to aspiring CIA agents, stockbrokers, Peace Corps Volunteers, actuaries, gynecologists, and auto mechanics. During the 1960s, college-age males had to take an ETS exam to prove they were worthy of student draft deferment. Today the bar exams in almost all states are in part administered by ETS. Thriving also on millions of dollars of government and foundation research grants, ETS has become an \$80-million-a-year operation, comfortably seated on a 400-acre estate with its own swimming pool, hotel, golf course, tennis courts, and private lake. ETS also has its own zip code.

Before the new law, ETS made it extremely clear that what goes on at the 2000-employee Princeton homestead is strictly confidential, particularly in regard to in-house research on the weaknesses of the tests it gives. The possibility of racial and economic biases in the tests has been a sensitive one for many years. A more recent controversy has concerned the effects of coaching on test scores.

Carl Brigham, the developer of the first SAT and the man for whom ETS's Princeton library is named, was best known for his theoretical writings on the superior intellect of White Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Many small-scale studies indicated the SAT, billed as an "aptitude" test, actually tests acquired skills and knowledge, discriminating against the economically disadvantaged. Yet complete data on the problem is not as easily available by ETS. An ETS study called *Cultural Bias in Testing: Challenge and Response*—probably the best study of the subject—has been withheld from outsiders.

On the recent problem of the effects of coaching, ETS has taken even more drastic efforts to thwart the disclosure of its research. ETS still insists that coaching does not significantly alter test scores, although several internal studies have supported the claim made by the Stanley Kaplan coaching schools that for \$275 a student can boost his or her "aptitude" by more than 100 points (out of 600) on the SAT. Lewis Pike, author of an ETS study suggesting that the SAT is susceptible to coaching, was fired last year after 14 years with ETS when the research results he was producing proved too controversial. Obviously the suggestion that coaching can improve test scores undermines the theory that the SAT is an "aptitude" test. It also implies a large advantage to those who can afford coaching.

The ETS company line on the new law's provisions requiring this kind of information to be made available to the public is that it is already available. This is tentatively false. ETS claims that it merely limits access to responsible researchers." But, to cite one of many examples that disprove that claim, when an attorney at

the FTC's Boston regional office launched an investigation of the Stanley Kaplan coaching schools two years ago, the FTC was forced to subpoena the data it needed from ETS.

To temper its image as an Orwellian monster of the computer testing age, ETS has come down hard on abuses by its clients. When the state of South Carolina used an ETS test to set teachers' salaries, ETS terminated its contract to administer the test in South Carolina. ETS also tries to discourage test-crazed admissions deans from setting arbitrary cut-off scores under which applicants are not considered, and from reading finer distinctions into the scores than the tests are able to make. ETS President William Trumbell wrote in the 1978 annual report, "Testing has suffered more from the excessive expectations of its most devoted advocates than from attacks of its critics."

Yet ETS does little to correct the many testing casualties that students suffer at the hands of its clients, or by ETS's own errors. A student who suspects ETS's computers have made a scoring error can request a hand-score, but no one outside of ETS can check the organization's figures. And there is no real recourse if ETS sends inaccurate information to a college about a student, because most likely the student will never find out about it. One such scandal became public during the 1975-76 academic year ("ETS's Star Chamber," *TNR*, February 5, 1977). Some of the LSAT score reports sent to law schools contained an asterisk indicating that the applicant was an "unacknowledged repeater"—someone who had failed to indicate on the test registration form that he or she had taken the test before. Applicants were not told that overlooking the seemingly innocuous question about past tests risked incurring the deadly asterisk. Even worse, the ETS system accidentally labeled an unknown number of test-takers incorrectly as "unacknowledged repeaters." ETS eventually notified admissions deans to ignore the asterisk. But it made no effort to rectify the damage already done or to inform the victims of the error why they may have been rejected from law school.

The New York law may lead to similar federal legislation. Last month Representative Ted Weiss of New York, along with Shirley Chisholm of New York, and George Miller of California, introduced a "Truth-in-Testing" bill in the US House. The third bill of this type to be introduced over the past few years, the Weiss bill resembles the New York state law, but requires the testing companies to disclose more financial data as well as their contracts with the test sponsors.

ETS and the College Board are taking the new Weiss bill very seriously, if their concern can be measured by the volume of mail being sent to members of Congress. As in New York, ETS and its proponents are repeating their chilling descriptions of great hikes in test fees, limited access to tests, and the disadvantage of non-aggressive students and families. "But far more

costly—in a social sense—would be this bill's injection of the federal government into the college admissions process . . . a process protected by the 1st Amendment to the Constitution," adds one College Board memo sent to members of the House on July 23.

This invocation of the Bill of Rights is hogwash. The Educational Testing Service has a far greater impact on the lives of many young people than the government has, yet it denies them the most fundamental rights of equal protection and due process that the Constitution guarantees to all individuals who are affected by government action. A little sunlight on the nation's most powerful unregulated monopoly is long overdue.

Barbara Demick

**We no longer owe our
national debt to ourselves.**

The Wet Dollar

The US dollar seems prone to watery analogies. The world, we are told, is "flooded" or "awash" with dollars. The dollar is almost always "sinking." When the government comes to its rescue, as it did last November, it is a "mop-up" or "soak-up" of unwanted dollars. If we don't mop them up we will be drowned in a rising sea of dollars.

The real figures are more vivid than the analogies. There are about 700 billion dollars held overseas. Of this amount about \$200 billion is held as reserves by foreign central banks and the remaining \$500 billion is held by private individuals.

The overseas dollars have accumulated primarily because of huge American trade deficits. When a typical country runs a trade deficit, it must formally borrow the foreign currency to cover it. Indeed, chronic debtor nations must ordinarily get the foreign currency to pay for their purchases abroad before the purchases can be made. But the United States has been fortunate to print a currency that foreigners have been willing to accept in payment for their goods, and to hold in their own treasuries for future use. The dollar has functioned as a so-called "reserve currency." This has made our past deficits quite painless. But the overseas dollars have built up.

About \$132 billion of the external dollars have been invested in Treasury bills. This means that about 16 percent of our \$800-billion national debt is held by foreigners. All of the foreign-owned debt is short term—most of it due under a year—and must be constantly rolled over. New borrowing is necessary to

repay the old borrowing. The interest rates must be kept up to induce the foreigners to renew their notes. Interest paid to foreigners contributed \$7.9 billion to our payments deficit last year. As New York City will testify, high interest can attract lenders only until the creditors begin to fear that their principal will not be returned. And, as Clausewitz said, you only lose your honor once. When confidence is gone, it is gone. If the foreigners refuse to roll over their \$132 billion, the music will stop. The country's solvency, in short, rests on short-term funds drawn here by high interest rates.

Over 100 years ago, John Stuart Mill wrote: "the owners of the public debt of a country . . . are mortgagees on the general wealth of the country. Over the past few years we have put ourselves in hoc to a strange group of mortgagees. Their only common characteristic is that none of them have any particular reason to feel kindly toward us. For years we have been taught in Economics I that the national debt is no great concern; it is not like the debts an individual has to banks and other creditors because, as a society, we owe the money to ourselves. That comfort is unavailable for the growing part of our national debt that is owed to foreigners. These billions represent the real right to claim the future products of our labor and cart them away overseas. And if too many of these rights are claimed at once, the United States will go bankrupt.

Fortunately, it is not in the rational self-interest of the foreign dollar holders to bankrupt the United States. The value of their own holdings would be destroyed along with the rest. Self-interest, however, does not always control action. OPEC, for example, might dump dollars simply to hurt us. Their holdings are extensive enough to start panic selling which could be irreversible. Even if malice is absent, the situation is so fragile that a little too much pressure on either side will break it. There are also a great many contact points. For example, a federal district court in California is hearing a case brought by the International Association of Machinists against OPEC for price fixing in violation of US antitrust laws. Since OPEC is the purest form of cartel, existing for the sole purpose of fixing prices, the Machinists seem to have a good case if they can get past some jurisdictional questions. The White House, in mid-June, seriously considered filing a "friend of the court" brief supporting OPEC. The content of the document can only be imagined. The *New York Times* reported that the White House feared the Machinist action could "prompt Saudi Arabia to withdraw billions of dollars it has invested in United States Treasury notes." The idea of a brief backing OPEC was rejected only because, as one official said, "it would kill us with the public to have the government siding with OPEC when people are waiting in lines and paying \$1 a gallon for gas." But if the Saudis insist, what will the White House do? Take the judge for a walk in the Rose Garden?

Most of our foreign creditors would like to reduce

their dollar holdings. They do not consider it a favorable long-term investment. This is shown by their refusal to buy any long-term federal debt. Our creditors have been badly hurt by the dollar's decline. Their holdings of US debt, since it is payable in dollars, have been deeply eroded by the fall in value of the dollar. To the same extent the US government has benefited, since it can pay back in cheaper dollars than it received. The Europeans have learned it is a big mistake to let a great debtor have his own printing press. Henry Kaufman, chief economist and general partner of Salomon Brothers, has said that whenever the dollar shows some strength foreigners are eager to reduce their holdings: "The very substantial foreign holdings of United States Treasury debt are very much a reflection of foreign official institutions having unwanted dollars on their hands."

Indeed, our credit is now so poor that the Treasury Department has been reduced to selling \$10 billion of S bonds denominated in deutschemarks, Swiss francs, and yen. Abroad these are known as Carter bonds. We secure the foreign currency to use in buying unwanted dollars, thereby supporting its value.

These new Carter bonds illustrate the critical distinction between old money and new money, terms that have a different meaning in the world of finance than they do in the world of social snobbery. An existing creditor, who already has a large investment in you, will renew or roll over your note as long as he sees any reasonable hope for a turnaround. He does this because it is not in his interest to precipitate a collapse. If new money will not touch you with a long pole. Similarly, a promise to repay in dollars—with us in control of the printing press—seems unable to attract new money. Of course, when you promise to repay in deutschemarks, you take the risk that you can acquire them at a reasonable price when the time comes. The Carter bonds are due in two and a half to four years. The experience of New York City has demonstrated the power of a giant debtor over its creditors. For years the city pursued insane fiscal policies over the protests of its largest creditors, the New York banks. Deputy Mayor James Cavanaugh issued his famous pronouncement: "The banks and we are a community of interest. If we go down, they go down." The banks were reduced to pleading: please don't spend more than you can pay; please don't borrow in anticipation of income which isn't there; please don't issue 20-year bonds to pay everyday expenses. Similarly, the less developed countries have substantial leverage over the developed world because of their \$220 billion of debts (see "The Bankers' Dilemma," *TNR*, January 27).

And now comes the United States of America, the greatest debtor in history. The Europeans play the role of the helpless creditor. They beg us: please pay attention to the external value of the dollar. Please reduce your balance of payments deficit. Please reduce

your budgetary deficit. Please reduce inflation. Please be responsible.

The federal government, unrepentant, replies that the Europeans must support the dollar. To do so they must "import inflation." We insist they contract our disease. To support the dollar, West Germany's central bank buys dollars with deutschemarks normally held in reserve. These released deutschemarks add to the country's money supply, directly causing increased inflation.

By last November the dollar was on the edge of destabilization. In only two years its value had fallen 40 percent against the deutschemark. In 1977 the Carter administration consciously pursued a policy of "talking down the dollar," in the belief a devalued dollar would increase US exports. Its success in this respect seems speculative. Its success, however, in weakening the dollar is certain. In the fall of 1978 time had run out. American corporations, according to some evidence, had joined foreigners and begun to dump dollars.

The rescue effort had two parts. Immediately the panic had to be ended. This was done, just as J. P. Morgan had done it in the Panic of 1907, by gathering a war chest and issuing the order to buy, buy, buy. A fund of \$30 billion (in deutschemarks, Swiss francs, and Japanese yen) was collected, most of it put up by foreign central banks which bought dollars and held them. The panic subsided.

The second part of the rescue effort was long-range reform to prevent any repetition. The federal government promised to get tough about inflation. The federal reserve tightened the money supply by raising its discount rate a full point and by changing bank reserve requirements. This was considered such strong medicine that a recession this year was widely predicted. Europeans cooperated fully with the dollar rescue but they seem confused and fearful as to exactly what our intentions may be.

The best intervention just buys time. Recession, as was predicted, is here, but inflation is as strong as ever. In April inflation hit a 14 percent annual rate. Inflation has not been controlled because the federal reserve pursued inconsistent policies as soon as the immediate dollar crisis passed. There is a total failure of the main part of the November rescue. The symbolism of the dollar rescue, consequently, has not become a reality. A collapse could be triggered when foreigners start refusing to take dollars in payment for anything, or when foreigners and American-based corporations alike start dumping their dollars in panic. The longer we continue to pretend the international monetary system owes us a free ride, the more certain the collapse becomes.

William J. Quirk

William J. Quirk is a professor at the University of South Carolina law school.

Pinkertons with bats have been replaced by consultants with psychological weapons.

The Union-Busting Hustle

by Dedra Hauser

"Weed 'em out. Get rid of anyone who's not going to be a team player. And don't wait eight or nine months. I'd like to have a dollar for every time there's union organizing and the employer says, 'I should have gotten rid of that bastard three months ago.'"

Lawyers from the New York law firm Jackson, Lewis, Schnitzler and Krupman hammered this message home at a management seminar infiltrated by Nancy Stiefel of the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Workers. Sponsored by the New Jersey Association of Health Care Facilities, the seminar covered the current state of the art in a growing industry: union busting.

Herbert Melnick, a founder and chairman of a consulting firm called Modern Management Methods, eschews the label "union busters." An urbane, meticulously polite man, Melnick says his firm "guides companies through labor union avoidance" by helping employers communicate with workers during a union organizing campaign. "We feel it is the obligation of employers to help their workers make an informed choice about the union."

Modern Management Methods, known as 3M (but not connected to the large industrial conglomerate with the same nickname), is the largest "employee relations consulting firm" in the country, according to an internal memorandum of the Equitable Insurance Co., a 3M client. "In 1977," says the memo, "they participated in well over 100 union representation elections, compiling a success record of 98%." The memo lists Allstate, Prudential, Travelers, and Aetna as 3M clients.

Modern Management Methods participates in 30 to 35 union campaigns a month. The nine-year-old firm employs about 70 consultants and specializes in working with health care institutions, universities, banks, and insurance companies. Based in Illinois, 3M has offices in California, and recently opened a branch in London. Its consultants command per diem fees of \$500 to \$800, plus expenses. Boston University, which had half a dozen consultants working full time during a recent unionization effort, paid \$270,000 for 3M's services.

Over tea in one of New York's most elegant and expensive hotels, Herbert Melnick waxed eloquent about his firm's role as "marriage counselor" between workers and management. "We don't believe workers vote for a union. Rather they vote against management." Since a union drive is usually caused by workers'

dissatisfaction, he explained, 3M consultants help management to resolve employee complaints and communicate the strengths of existing personnel policies. In some cases, he said, "the employers may have to ask for a chance to repair their mistakes."

In helping management to orchestrate an anti-union campaign, Melnick said, 3M's "primary tool" is the front-line supervisor who directly oversees employees. At management meetings and in individual interviews the consultants prepare supervisors to discuss union issues with their employees. "You have to make the supervisors enthusiastic about campaigning against the union," he said. If a supervisor is "recalcitrant," the consultants look for another supervisor to do the job.

Consultants from 3M teach supervisors the legal ground rules for waging an anti-union campaign. They also provide and explain the union constitution, bylaws, a record of strikes, and in some cases a union contract for supervisors to give to employees. The consultants *never* deal directly with employees.

Melnick claims that the union is a minor part of the campaigns his firm runs. "Our primary goal is to establish ongoing patterns of talking and listening between management and employees," he said. The consultants do this by setting up regular (mandatory) one-to-one meetings between supervisors and the workers. "Our philosophy is that you don't buy dignity for four cents to 10 cents an hour. Relationships buy dignity."

Supervisors, employees, labor lawyers, and union organizers sharply contradict Melnick's benign portrayal of his firm. Modern Management Methods is the main target of organized labor's campaign against union busters. Dick Wilson of the AFL-CIO said 3M tactics "have become the sophisticated standard of the union-busting industry." The firm's goal, he says, is to create a climate of fear and confusion in the workplace which is blamed on the union.

A typical 3M campaign begins with an anti-union letter composed by the consultants and signed by management, according to Wilson. The letter explains that the company is one big happy family with no need for outside interference. Management makes it clear that it strongly opposes the union. In subsequent letters, management often points out that the union's ability to improve, or even maintain, working conditions depends entirely on management's willingness to negotiate. As a result of these letters, Wilson says many employees equate support of the union with dangerous disloyalty to their employer.

Dedra Hauser is a New York writer.

The core of a 3M campaign, as Melnick said, is the mobilization of supervisors as an anti-union organizing committee. The consultants attempt to convince supervisors that a union victory would jeopardize their power and possibly their jobs. At group and individual management meetings, the consultants reportedly press several themes: if the union wins, the supervisors will lose all of their authority to hire, fire, and discipline workers; responsibility for defeating the union rests primarily with the supervisors; if a supervisor cannot handle this job, 3M will find someone who can; supervisors who cooperate will be rewarded for their loyalty.

The consultants distribute an Employer Freedom of Speech Guide that spells out what supervisors can and cannot legally say to their employees. (Under the National Labor Relations Act, management cannot spy on, threaten, make promises to, or interrogate employees regarding their rights to organize and bargain collectively.) The consultants provide a steady stream of anti-union literature. Supervisors are instructed to hand deliver the material to each employee and discuss it, all on work time. Each supervisor has to report back to a consultant, often daily, about the reactions of employees. If a supervisor fires one employee, he or she is sent back to finish the job. There are as many as 20 to 25 meetings with each employee during a union campaign.

For the past five years, 3M has been hired by St. Elizabeth's hospital outside Boston to fight two unions that have attempted to organize employees there. Last year, after an initial defeat for the unions, the NLRB filed 38 unfair labor practice complaints against the

hospital. These included the discriminatory firing or suspension of five union activists; surveillance, isolation, interrogation, and harassment of other pro-union employees; and misrepresentation of the collective bargaining process by top management. The complaints were dropped after the hospital agreed to hold a second election in June, which the union lost by a small margin.

At the hearings, employees blamed 3M for the tenor of the campaign. A lab technician said the supervisors were "transformed into shock troops, creating an atmosphere of hysteria in the hospital."

A respiratory therapist described the consulting firm's strategy of planting false rumors. Supervisors returned from a 3M briefing and asked employees known to be talkative: "Is it true that the union is threatening to beat people up if they don't vote for the union?"

Josephine Coughlin was a gregarious and popular employee at the hospital until she began talking out in favor of the union. Overnight she found herself alone at coffee breaks and lunchtime, the victim of a whispering campaign. Within a month or so, she was transferred to an isolated part of the hospital, where her only co-worker was also a union activist.

The worst blow to the employee organizing campaign was the firing of three pro-union employees and the suspension of two others. Larry Breslow, one of the fired employees, says that although they were eventually reinstated in their jobs, their temporary removal cast a permanent pall on the employee organizing drive. "After that experience it was just harder to associate yourself with the union."

William Skerry, the executive director of St. Elizabeth's, denies the employees' charge that 3M caused the hospital to violate labor laws. "If you review these NLRB complaints, it becomes obvious that they were made up. The union deliberately created unfair labor practice charges so they could hold another election." He says the supervisors did less disciplining than usual during the campaign. "The whole thrust of 3M's advice was to have us bend over backwards not to violate the law."

Melnick of 3M says his firm warns management that by firing union activists, they are breaking the law and creating a martyr. Nancy Mills, the organizer who ran the campaign at St. Elizabeth's, disagrees. "3M coaches supervisors to justify all disciplinary actions with oral and written warnings. This makes it difficult to prove discriminatory firing."

The viciousness of 3M's campaigns in Boston led the New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations at Cornell to ban the firm's advertisements from the school's placement bulletin boards. Michael Reid, the school's placement director, said, "I have been instructed by the administration to not post job listings for organizations that violate the school's charter to promote labor management understanding

The New American Hustler

America is still the land of opportunity, but the opportunities have changed somewhat under conditions of what some call "late capitalism." This is another article in an occasional series examining new opportunities for riches created by the post-industrial age and the mixed economy.

The principal characteristic that distinguishes these modern entrepreneurs from their counterparts of a century ago is that what they are selling tends to be amorphous and ephemeral, and several steps removed from the production of goods and services that add directly to the national prosperity. They build consulting firms, not railroads; they sell words, not steel. Conservatives commenting on this phenomenon sometimes use the term "new class." They suggest that this class is composed of leeches on capitalism, who arrogantly reject its values and work to subvert it, even while they enjoy its benefits. The accompanying article provides a counter-example.

and industrial peace."

About 2000 professionals are working in this area, according to James Farmer, executive director of the Coalition of American Public Employees. The National Association of Manufacturers is trying to standardize and disseminate union-busting strategies. Two years ago NAM formed the Council on Union Free Environment, an information clearinghouse and "secure forum" for the exchange of ideas. In addition to holding its own programs, CUE provides critiques and summaries of anti-union seminars and training programs, and maintains a bibliography and index of the available literature.

Seminars are a major promotional vehicle for union busters. For \$595, a manager can attend a three-day seminar put on by a firm called Advanced Management Research, about how to maintain a non-union status. The program is held in three different cities each month. This seminar company also offers an in-house training program at a negotiable price, and sells a newsletter about avoiding unions. Lawyers from Jackson, Lewis serve as faculty lecturers, accompanied by other experts.

Another firm, Executive Enterprises Inc., offers an anti-union seminar in a different city every month. Its two-day, \$450-program features a star of the union-busting industry, Charles Hughes. Billed as "one of the best known behavioral scientists working with industry," Hughes peddles a system of behavioral modification that allegedly discourages employees from supporting a union. His system is based on an elaborate method of classifying employees by their value systems, using categories such as "tribalistic," "manipulative," and "conformist." Like most union busters, Hughes recommends the use of "carrot and stick" incentives to discourage interest in a union.

A subject of growing popularity on the seminar circuit is decertification. This is a legal process by which workers can oust a union that already represents them. Under the National Labor Relations Act, management is strictly forbidden to initiate a decertification petition. Lawyers are finding ways to circumvent this restriction. Charles Baird of the Chicago law firm of Seyfarth, Shaw, Fairweather & Geraldson told the audience at a seminar sponsored by the Illinois Chamber of Commerce: "This [decertification] is a forbidden subject. We're not supposed to care, but obviously we do. So this is off the record. If you say we said it, we didn't say it." Baird warned the audience against explicitly sponsoring decertification petitions. "We'll talk about how to set it up so the employee comes in and asks the all important question on his own. . . ."

Firms like Seyfarth, Shaw are reconsidering "management strikes" to set the stage for decertification, according to Dick Wilson of the AFL-CIO. Their strategy is purposely to bring about an impasse in collective bargaining. This forces employees out on

strikes, which are frequently long and very costly to the union. Seyfarth, Shaw has written a 200-page strike manual on how to conduct a strike that weakens the union. (This firm represents the *Washington Post* in labor controversies.)

These strategies have been effective. The number of decertification elections quadrupled between 1966 and 1978. Last year, unions lost representation rights in three out of four of these decertification elections.

The labor movement achieved its first major victory against 3M last year at Boston University, where the Distributive Workers of America won the right to represent more than 800 employees. The union made 3M's presence a major issue in its organizing drive. "We took a lot of the mystery and menace out of 3M's line of attack," said Barbara Rahke, who ran the Boston University campaign. The union published a Boston University invoice that listed daily consulting fees of \$500 to \$800, and a monthly fee of more than \$16,000 for five consultants. A supervisor who requested anonymity said, "BU's credibility was strained after they hired these union busters. After a while, even the more conservative supervisors couldn't blame the employees for wanting a union."

At Corning Hospital in upstate New York, the supervisors revolted against 3M's tactics, leading to the dismissal of the 3M consultant during the middle of the organizing campaign, according to pro- and anti-union sources. The union eventually lost the election after a hospital campaign that culminated with a teary speech by a top administrator asking the employees for a second chance.

Robert Swinnerton, the top administrator at Corning, denied that 3M was fired, but answered "No comment," to all other questions regarding the consultant. Roberta Smith, who was president of Corning Hospital's board of trustees during the campaign, said, "It was an unhappy situation, which left many bad feelings. I don't care to discuss it."

Pro- and anti-union sources separately recounted the following events that took place in the four weeks that a 3M consultant worked at the hospital: three supervisory nurses were fired; a top administrator admitted herself to the hospital for "exhaustion"; another administrator requested a leave of absence and supervisors threatened a wildcat walkout in protest against the consultant and the hospital's executive director. "3M had a devastating impact on the hospital," one head nurse said.

The 3M consultant left Corning six months ago, but a nurse said the tension has lingered. "I would quit the hospital if he came back today. I would never, never subject myself to that kind of intimidation again."

When Americans first tried to organize union companies called in the state militia and recruited them to shoot down union activists. Today they hire high priced lawyers and consultants instead to wage legal and psychological warfare against unions.

Why are people leaving a paradise of liberty with equality,
prosperity without industrialization?

Utopia is Boring

by George Woodcock

New Zealand is a splendid country if you are looking for scenery. But if history is what interests a traveler, then New Zealand, after the first thrill of grand and exotic settings, becomes a dull land to wander through. The kind of antiquities that deepen the interest of a trip to Europe or Latin America do not exist. Apart from Christchurch and Auckland, the towns are no more historic or graceful than the average small Nebraska town. There is no outstanding architecture, either Victorian or modern, and almost every good artist has followed Katherine Mansfield and Frances Hodgkins in their flight to Europe. The art galleries that exist in all the larger towns have little of interest to offer except a few early paintings of Maoris and their customs—customs now lost in the curious 19th-century pseudo-culture of contemporary Maoris, who perform their dances to lilting tunes borrowed from Victorian missionary hymns.

The lack of any strong sense of history fits the national style. New Zealand plays no significant role in world affairs, and rarely makes an appearance in the world's newspapers. New Zealand's own papers are almost entirely concerned with local affairs; world events are rarely noticed except when they affect New Zealand interests. For example, beef shortages in the United States and the shifting policy of Iran concerning meat imports were the subjects that earned great headlines during the month I was recently in New Zealand.

Once New Zealanders were fond of pseudo-philosophic clichés about the good luck of being distant and unnoticed, like "Happy the country that has no story," and "No news is good news." But they no longer see their situation in quite such a complacent way. Last year more than 60,000 New Zealanders, out of a population of just over three million, left the country. These emigrants far exceeded the immigrants, that by 1979 New Zealand has acquired the distinction of being a country with a marginally falling population. The cause of this exodus is partly the sheer lack of opportunities in a country whose economy is mainly limited to sheep (there are 20 for every human being, as New Zealanders often tell one), cows (three for every human being) and the products of the meat

and dairy trades. But there are more important psychological reasons why New Zealanders leave home, and why the 60,000 who departed last year included an astonishing total of more than 400 who described themselves as professional writers and artists.

The fact behind the Great Departure, as anyone who stays there more than a couple of weeks begins to realize, is that New Zealand life is monotonous, and New Zealand society is complacent, intolerant of oddity, intolerant even of outstanding excellence. It is a consciously populist and egalitarian society. (New Zealand pioneered in giving women the vote in 1893.) This egalitarian spirit has its advantages for the visitor, since it makes New Zealanders generally relaxed and pleasant in ordinary dealings. One's relationships with people are not complicated by problems like how much to tip them, since tipping—except by North Americans who have not learned local ways—does not exist, and there is no shopkeeper servility of the kind that in some countries keeps one perpetually suspicious.

Yet talk to the restless young people of New Zealand, and you very quickly get the feeling of a society in which paternalism has gone to seed. New Zealand was a pioneer among welfare states, introducing an old age pension in 1898. This has meant not only increasingly inclusive cradle-to-grave benefits, which even the present conservative National Party government of R. D. Muldoon has not dared diminish, but also a taxation system that bears down heavily on individual incomes. Seven years ago, the first time I went to New Zealand, this meant that there were only about 20 millionaires in the country. Last year a mere 100 people had investment income before taxation of \$60,000 or over, and most of these represented old money accumulated by trade in earlier generations. With the present rates of income tax, it is virtually impossible to accumulate large personal fortunes by legal means.

New Zealand's apparently intentional use of the tax system to prevent accumulation of private wealth reflects a strong puritan tradition, stemming from the Presbyterians of Dunedin (where at certain seasons the tartaned pipers march in massed formation through the city) and the Low Church Anglicans of Christchurch (which boasts a Giles Gilbert Scott cathedral). This same spirit seems intent on restricting how people spend what the income tax leaves them.

George Woodcock, a Canadian writer, is the author of *The Crystal Spirit: A Study of George Orwell* (Atlantic-Little, own).

Basic necessities are still, indeed, very cheap in New Zealand. Butter costs the equivalent of about 55 cents a pound, steak about \$1.30, and local cheese about 80 cents. Bread is about 18 cents for an ordinary loaf. When I was there in March a great outcry arose in the newspapers because the cost of milk had gone up to about 17 cents a litre.

Such prices are subsidized to make sure that everyone has the staples of life. But anything outside such officially approved necessities is expensive. This is partly because New Zealand has surprisingly little industry—with abundant wool and hides, it still imports shoes and woollen cloth from Britain!—and most imports are subject to extravagant duties. Cars cost from two to three times their price in North America, and clothes are very expensive. Except in a few labor-aristocratic groups like the meat-freezing and waterfront workers (who have a stranglehold over an economy based on export), real wages are considerably less than in Canada or the United States.

Generally speaking, for all classes in New Zealand, the standard of living is much lower than ours. New Zealanders express their egalitarianism in an almost fanatical devotion to the idea that every family should have its own house, so that there are few apartment blocks but many small residences looking like each other, all with red-painted iron roofs and all rather austere equipped. Central heating is rare and air-conditioning, even in the sub-tropical Bay of Islands region, is seldom encountered outside hotels catering to foreign tourists.

I suppose in an abstract way New Zealand has a *juster* society than ours, with fewer privileges, freer intercourse between classes, a more even spread of wealth, and probably less real poverty, since I searched in vain for authentic slums.

Why then are people so eagerly departing? Partly for materially selfish reasons. Australia, and even Britain, are greener pastures for those who want to make lots of money or to follow spectacular or even mildly rewarding careers. But the real trouble, I think, lies in the tendency of any egalitarian and populist society to transfer its ideals from the material to other levels, so

that unequal natural gifts are regarded with as much distrust as unequal inherited wealth. Even in the celebrated traditionally English private schools of Christchurch, with their prefects and straw boaters, the New Zealand educational system discourages the exceptional child, the maverick talent. Throughout life words like "clever," "original," "spontaneous," and "eccentric" have derogatory connotations. The really original New Zealand artists and writers have been forced to leave New Zealand if they wanted to find mental space wide enough to develop their special talents and to break away from traditional molds. I noticed that New Zealanders are often splendid craftsmen—potters and weavers—but the crafts require different talents than the arts.

Obviously a country like New Zealand raises real problems for those who believe in a materially egalitarian society, yet detest cultural uniformity. Does equality mean a stress on sameness? I do not think it does. But that is the way things seem to have worked out in New Zealand, and I think the reasons lie deep in the country's history, and especially in the isolation in which its society grew up and in the lack of cultural conflict during its development.

The idea of New Zealand as a society growing up in relative isolation has appealed to many writers. Samuel Butler set his *Erewhon* in the mountains of the South Island, and Aldous Huxley, in *Ape and Essence*, imagined an unspoiled survival of human civilization there after the rest of the world had suffered atomic holocaust. Indeed, in such a crisis, isolation conceivably might save New Zealand and the type of Western culture it preserves.

Even before the international atomic holocaust isolation has kept New Zealand about 20 years out of date, in terms of environmental deterioration, compared with Europe and North America. But this isolation has been tempered by dependence. If the rivers are mostly unpolluted and the air still remarkably clear even over Auckland and Wellington, it is because New Zealand avoided massive industrialization by cultivating a closeness to Britain, which became and remained for generations the most important market for New Zealand meat and dairy products. Perhaps the most important event in New Zealand history was the sailing of the first refrigerated ships with their cargo of lamb in the early 1880s.

In this way, though it was distant on the map, New Zealand remained attached to the mother country by an umbilical cord stronger than the one that bound the other dominions: Canada, South Africa or even Australia. New Zealand exported to Britain the food it people needed; Britain sent back to New Zealand the necessary manufactured goods. So it continued until the Great White Mother deserted her child to enter that continental bordello known as the European Common Market. One of the prices of Britain's admission into the ECM was the rapid phasing out of

Coming:

A Series of Letters from
Henry Fairlie: "The Worst
of Times."

imports of meat and dairy products from New Zealand.

The betrayal remains a wound on the Kiwi consciousness. For in other than the material, New Zealand was closely attached to Britain and remains so far more than any other of the former dominions. When the Statute of Westminster in 1931 gave the dominions the option of declaring their national sovereignty, Canada, South Africa, and Eire immediately availed themselves of the opportunity. But the New Zealanders did not want to see themselves independent of the British connection. It was only in 1946, when World War II had shown them that Britain could not protect them but the United States might, that they finally ratified the Statute of Westminster.

One difficulty New Zealand faces in trying to define itself as a distinct country is the fact that—even in the late 1970s—New Zealand remains ethnically more British than any of the other former dominions. Canada had its French and Ukrainians and Germans, South Africa had its Afrikaners, and even Australia, particularly after World War II, opened its borders to a wide variety of European immigrants, largely of the Latin races. But New Zealand has never allowed its British ethnicity to be greatly diluted. In the south, where the chilling winds sweep up from Antarctica to overcargil and granite Dunedin, it has remained principally Scottish. North from Christchurch it is mainly English, and important communities like New Plymouth and Nelson still treasure their links with Devonshire. This part of New Zealand has a higher proportion of practicing Anglicans to its population than England itself.

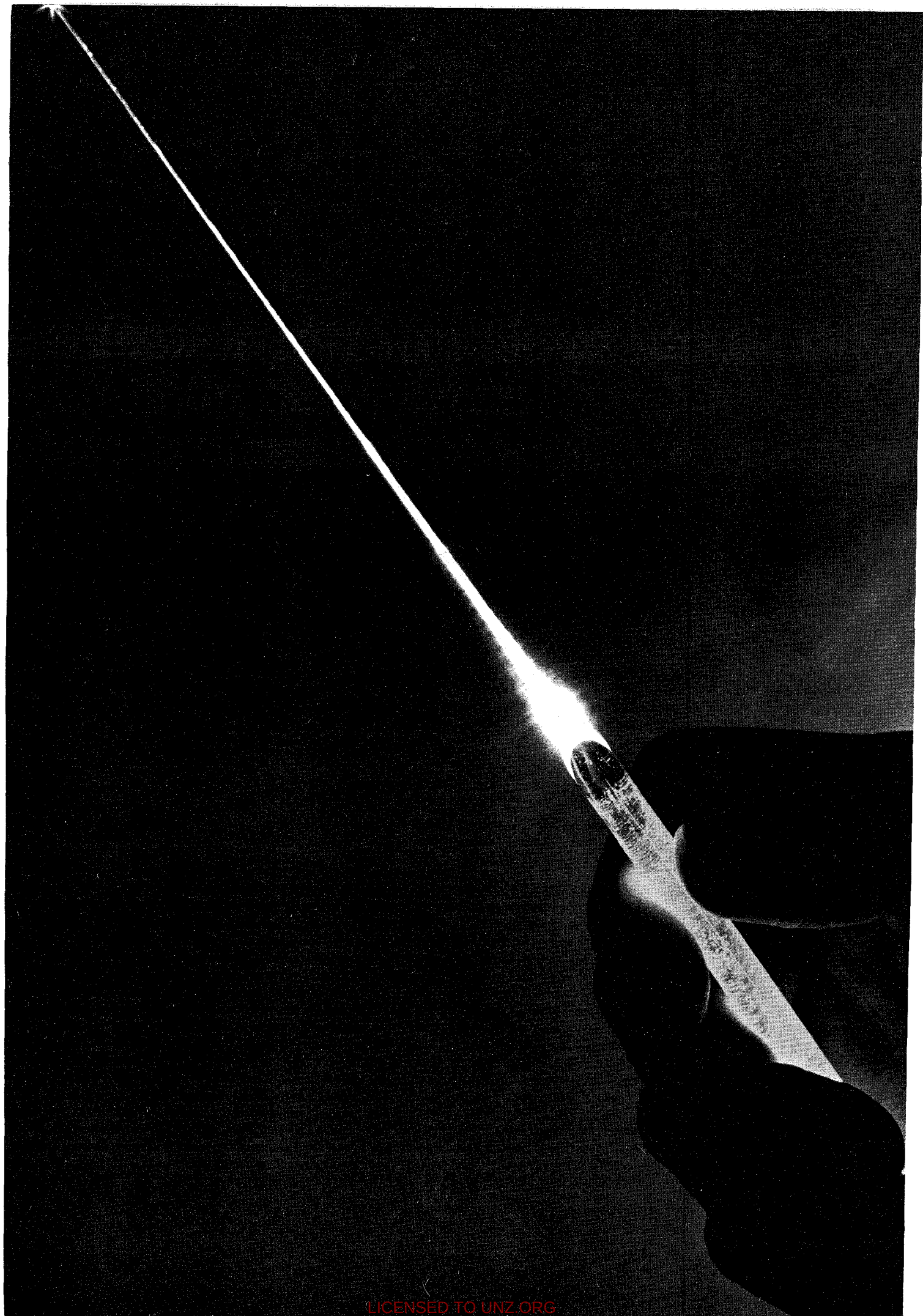
This ethnic inbreeding and its associated traditions have kept New Zealand in many ways an extremely conservative society. New Zealand's welfare society re-dates Britain's but there is a curiously outdated abianism about it; the spirits of the Webbs never seem far away. The foods I knew in England in my childhood more than 50 years ago are still abundantly present in New Zealand—trifles and scones and pikelets and meat pies and curry puffs and sausage rolls and rice pudding and steak-and-kidney pie and fish-and-chips. And when live theater is performed in a New Zealand city, the chances are that it will be a play that succeeded 30 years or so ago in the West End. Films like the recent one based on the Agatha Christie classic, *Death on the Nile*, are assured successes there.

Indeed, looking in the bookshops, visiting theaters and cinemas, even watching television dominated by related BBC programs, one realizes how far New Zealand has remained in its mental patterns perhaps the last of Britain's true colonies. The forces that make society rebel against colonial status are not external but mainly emerge from within. In the case of Canada the fact of being so obviously incompletely British made the rejection of cultural colonialism inevitable. But there was no original conflict among the white settlers

of New Zealand like that between the French and English in Canada, and there was no complicating input of Central and Eastern and Southern European immigrants. So New Zealand, British in race and traditions, remained a colonial society, divided by geography and now by the machinations of the European community, but still unable to create a separate identity, a culture of its own.

There is really nothing surprising about the departure for Britain of all the mentally alive young people. Britain is still the center of the culture on whose periphery New Zealand remains. And so, politically and economically detached from Britain, culturally and sentimentally still tied, New Zealand floats in an unenviable limbo. It is almost a classic example of the economically unbalanced community, once so confident of the salability of its 60 million sheep and nine million cows that it never tried a real diversification of the economy, never built a native industrial base. Now it drifts, having lost its guaranteed British market. While I was there the depressing volatility of mood created by such a situation was shown by two events. There was elation when the newspapers announced that New Zealand steak would be needed to make up for a shortfall in American meat production. But the following week there was depression when New Zealand calculations of making a deal with Iran to barter lamb against oil were ruined by the Ayatollah Khomeini's ban on the import of meat slaughtered abroad.

New Zealand has for long been the world's one mainly agrarian community living on the affluent scale of Western industrial countries. Seven years ago its standard of living was rated second only to Sweden's and it enjoyed virtually full employment; when I was there in 1972 there were only 4000 people out of work. Since that happy time it has been slipping down the scale with unsure markets and rising unemployment. New Zealand is not a desperate case. With its massive livestock resources, with the wheat fields of the Canterbury Plains and the fruit of the Bay of Plenty and Marlborough province, with plenty of fish and enough coal to reconvert its railway lines to steam, New Zealand's relatively small population could probably maintain a subsistence economy more easily than most countries. But it would mean an extraordinary lowering of living standards. To maintain anything like the level of existence its people now expect, New Zealand has to live, until some new world economic pattern is worked out, by the chances of a volatile market. If it is culturally dependent on Britain, it is economically dependent on the rest of the Western world in a way no even moderately industrialized nation endures. Even India, which has painfully created an industrial system where almost none existed at the time of independence in 1947, is less susceptible to the winds of economic chance than is New Zealand's green and pleasant land.



Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

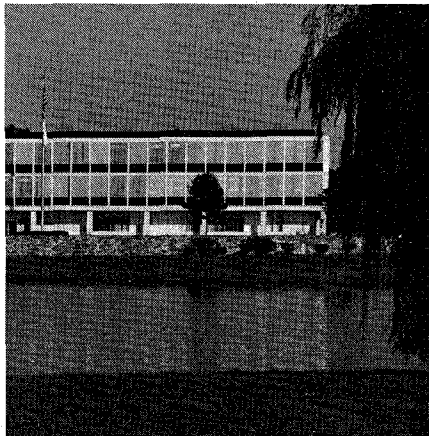
But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

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The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

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The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

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Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern.

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The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

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Western Electric

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Italian Symphony, American Senate

Orchestra Rehearsal (Gaumont/Sacis/New Yorker). Liliana Betti, for 20 years an assistant to Federico Fellini, has written a book about him called *Fellini* (Little, Brown; \$9.95). It's full of anecdotes, glimpses, observations that, in a familiar way, pretend to be judicious, even iconoclastic, at the same time that the basic impulse is idolatrous. The most appealing aspect of the book is that, though it has a lot of new information, it confirms our previous image of Fellini: as the world's greatest off-screen actor.

In one chapter Betti interviews Nino Rota (since deceased), composer of scores for Fellini films since 1952. Noting that the director never goes to concerts, never listens to records, even hates restaurant musicians, Betti asks: "How do you explain this allergy of Fellini's to music?" Rota replies: "It's true, Federico flaunts his alienation to music . . . I believe, however, that for Federico, it's really a form of self-defense, a protective measure. He can't listen to a single note without participating utterly . . . he falls victim to the musical emotion to which he cannot always afford to yield."

A pretty rationalization, perhaps, but if that tension, true or false, had been the basis of Fellini's new 70-minute film, it might have been better than it is. The mixture of affection and distrust might have produced a sharp, sniffy, suspicious, enthralled pseudodocumentary. It is (openly) a pseudodocumentary, but instead of a novel tension, we get adulation, sentiment, and immense hollow import.

The members of an orchestra gather to rehearse in an old Roman hall. Many of them discuss their instruments in a highly subjective manner, they tease and quarrel among themselves, they have a discussion with their manager and their union representative, and they finally get to work under a German

conductor. (The score they nibble at is by Rota.) This occupies something more than half of the film, and it's full of implications that the orchestra is a model of contemporary society.

So far, pleasant enough, though unilluminating about that society and without much added pleasure—usual in Fellini—from the very way that it's made. Then squabbles between conductor and players explode into an unbelievable quarrel. We feel the film shifting from symbolic realism into symbolic fantasy. The conductor calls a break and goes to his dressing room. The players run wild, scrawling graffiti, shouting slogans, screwing under a piano. (A few women in the group.) A wrecker's ball, whose approach has been heralded very slightly, then crashes through the wall. At the end the conductor returns, orders them to pay attention to their notes and their instruments, and resumes the rehearsal. They stand in their places, disheveled and plaster-covered, and play. The lights fade. The conductor, still displeased, shouts at them, lapsing into German as the film ends. (In *The Clowns* we were told that animal trainers always speak German: it's the only language that lions obey.)

The one thin link between the two sections is the shock or two (disregarded) of the wrecker's ball heard faintly in the first portion. Otherwise the film, instead of growing, just alters, goes crazy, in a couple of senses: changing from a modestly humorous, modestly allusive comedy into a tedious *Walpurgisnacht*. If the picture had shunned apocalyptic pretense (it even ends with the words "da capo"), it might have been enjoyable. But it doesn't shun apocalyptic pretense.

Fellini made the film for the Italian state television network, and he says that it was strongly influenced by the

murder of Aldo Moro. But he has fallen into the (let's call it) Arthur Miller snare: because he was moved by a political/social event, he automatically assumed he had something to say about it. Not evident. He has nothing to add to our perception of our difficulties, not even any deeper experiencing of them than any of us have had, and most disappointing of all, he has put his commonplaces in his least scintillating cinematic form since *La Dolce Vita*.

I ended my review of Fellini's *Casanova* (TNR, March 5, 1977): "It's the moment to insist on hoping." The moment continues.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan (Universal). I understand that they had trouble with the titling of this picture. They still have trouble.

The picture itself is an odd mixture of freshness and leftovers. The chief leftover is the theme itself, a venerable one, dating at least from *Wife vs. Secretary* (MGM, 1936). A man who is happily married is attracted to a woman who works with him in his business because she has closer understanding of his daily problems, doesn't tug at him to spend more time with the kids, encourages his ambitions. Eventually he sees that he has been seduced by proximity—of person and occupation—and opts for wife and family.

Along with this staleness go the man's troubles with his adolescent children's troubles and his wife's insistence on having her interests recognized when he suggests moving their home. I don't remotely say that these difficulties

Films Worth Seeing

Breaking Away. Sitcom in excelsis—small-town adolescent fantasies, parental apoplexies—but brightly written and played.

Escape from Alcatraz. Clint Eastwood's face is the emblem of the style. Tense prison story without much violence.

North Dallas Forty. In its pro football milieu, it's saltily funny and real. When it moralizes, it fumbles. Mostly good sweat and ache.

Peppermint Soda. Parisian adolescent girl, 1963. Diane Kurys's first film tells nothing really new about its subject but tells it with some charm.

SK

aren't often true and painful, only that their treatment here doesn't lift them out of movie familiarity.

But there is freshness, too. The script, written by Alan Alda who plays the leading role, is about a rising young senator, his handling of a nomination to the Supreme Court in a way that advances his career, the beginning of his presidential possibilities. The senatorial atmosphere and the Washington byplay seem authentic to a New York hick, but what's really interesting is that the film deals with political life. Almost all political pictures deal with elections, not with the work of the office in between elections. (Notable but forgotten exception: the English picture *No Love for Johnnie*, made with Peter Finch in 1960.) *Seduction* tries to show a senator's life, on the Senate floor, in private chambers, in restaurants, at parties. And it tries to deal with the maintenance of ethics and the molding of ambition. It manages to do this realistically yet uncynically.

The performances are better than the script because they are unspottily good.

Alda, still a better actor than writer, is humorous and moving as hotshot politician, as loving husband and father, as succumbing lover. Melvyn Douglas rumbles authoritatively as an ancient senator whose symptom of senility is lapsing into French. Barbara Harris, though oddly wigged, has her own velvet-eyed charm as Alda's wife. She persuades although she has the corniest part, including a tantrum near the end that has to do with movies not with the character previously set forth. And the Other Woman is played by Meryl Streep, who could bring new truth to *Stella Dallas*. (That is not a suggestion, please.) Here Streep is a smart Louisiana labor lawyer, raised in a political family, rich and funny and sexy. To compare this performance only with her work in *The Deer Hunter* and *Manhattan* is to see that a) she has a stunning talent; b) she has a vivid personality; and c) there is no need to suspend critical judgment of her acting just because it takes place on film and because her film personality is a part of her effect.

Streep is especially lucky here to be photographed by Adam Holender, who did *Midnight Cowboy*, among others, and who lights her just a bit better than was done even in the two films cited above. Her beauty is not "easy" for the camera: it's there, but it has to be revealed. Holender succeeds. And the director Jerry Schatzberg, who flopped all over the lot in *The Panic in Needle Park* and *Scarecrow*, gets a grip on himself here. There's a bit too much popping in and out of long shots (in some measure due to the editor), but Schatzberg handles ribald scenes with restraint and restrained scenes with intensity. The sequence in which Alda and Streep first kiss—a sequence interrupted by a call from Alda's wife, then resumed and concluded—is well directed by Schatzberg; and well played by the two actors.

Remember the world's oldest riddle: Is the glass half empty or half full? Well, is *Seduction* more than it seems to be at times or less than it seems to be at times? The answer is an unequivocal yes.

The myth of the hero in the psychoanalytic movement.

Freud as Conquistador

by Frank J. Sulloway

Few scientific figures are as shrouded in legend as Freud. How and why has this legend become so well developed? And what does the Freud legend tell us about the man and his psychoanalytic movement?

Above all, the traditional account of Freud's achievements has acquired its mythological proportions at the expense of historical context. Indeed, historical "decontextualization" is a prerequisite for good myths, which invariably seek to deny history. This denial process has followed two main tendencies in psychoanalytic history—namely, the ex-

treme reluctance of Freud and his loyal followers to acknowledge the biological roots of psychoanalysis, thus transforming Freud into a crypto-biologist; and the creation and elaboration of the "myth of the hero" in the psychoanalytic movement. Virtually all the major legends and misconceptions of traditional Freud scholarship have sprung from either of these tendencies.

In this essay I shall explore the second of these sources of distortion in psychoanalytic history—the myth of the hero. It is my contention that the expedient denial and refashioning of history has been an indispensable part of the psychoanalytic revolution. Perhaps more remarkable still is the degree to which this whole process of historical censorship, distortion, embellishment, and propaganda has been effected with the cooperation of psychoanalysts who would instantly proclaim such phenomena as "neurotic" if they spotted them in anyone else.

I

Freud's entire life followed an heroic path so closely as to suggest his conscious (or unconscious) living out of heroic expectations. A perusal of his childhood, as well as of his Jewish family background, shows that this heroic pattern was indeed ingrained in Freud at an early age, and that he cultivated it as an effective life-strategy in later years.

As is typical of heroes, both in myth and in actuality, the reasons for Freud's high expectations of himself date from events connected with his birth. Freud was born with a caul, a circumstance that people over the centuries have taken as a portent of later fame. Also at the time, an old peasant woman announced to the proud mother that with her firstborn child she had just delivered an important man into the world. These prophecies, in which Freud's mother evidently placed great faith, were frequently repeated to young Freud. Yet another prediction was made when he

Frank J. Sulloway, a historian of science, is a member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and currently a Miller Institute postdoctoral fellow in psychology at the University of California, Berkeley. This essay is excerpted from *Freud, Biologist of the Mind: Beyond the Psychoanalytic Legend* to be published by Basic Books in October.

Three Major Myths of Psychoanalysis

The Myth of the 'Timid' Breuer

One of the most colorful stories of traditional psychoanalytic history seeks to explain why Josef Breuer, who treated the famous patient Anna O. and discovered the "cathartic" method of therapy, should subsequently have broken with Freud and psychoanalysis.

As Ernest Jones reported in his biography of Freud, Breuer had apparently become aware of his patient's unhealthy attachment to him and decided to cut short the therapy one day—only to be called back that same evening to discover that his patient had suffered a severe relapse and was in the throes of an hysterical childbirth. The meaning of this "phantom pregnancy" was all too clear to Breuer, Jones recounts. Deeply disturbed, Breuer hypnotized his patient, "fled the house in a cold sweat," and the very next day departed Vienna for Venice on a second honeymoon with his wife—an occasion for rapprochement between his jealous spouse and himself that led to the conception of a daughter. Although Freud later explained to Breuer, Jones adds, the general "transference" nature of such an attachment, Breuer's subsequent cooperation in their two joint publications was ensured only with the strict understanding that "the theme of sexuality was to be kept in the background."

In spite of the manifest sincerity with which Freud, Ernest Jones, and most subsequent biographers of Freud have insisted upon this dramatic scenario of Breuer's rift with Freud, it is largely a myth. In fact, Breuer was quite outspoken on the importance that he believed should be accorded to

the sexual factor in hysteria as well as in other nervous disorders. In his "theoretical" contribution to *Studies on Hysteria*, he even cited the argument about the marriage bed as the source of most neurotic complaints that Freud, 30 years later, alleged was a purely private remark subsequently "disavowed" by Breuer. "I do not think I am exaggerating," Breuer wrote, "when I assert that the great majority of severe neuroses in women have their origin in the marriage bed." Breuer appended a footnote in which he deplored his medical colleagues' customary silence on sexuality, "one of the most important of all the pathogenic factors."

Nor did Anna O.'s phantom pregnancy cause Breuer to react to Freud's later discoveries in quite the way Freud himself was later to suppose. In 1895 both Breuer and Freud earnestly believed the Anna O. case to be nonsexual—and nondefensive—in nature on account of her remarkable efforts to cure herself by recalling the origins of each of her symptoms. Breuer, for his own part, simply failed to connect his patient's growing personal attachment to him, as suddenly revealed at the termination of treatment, with the causes of her illness. At any event, even the delicate problem of Anna O.'s misunderstood transference relationship with Breuer did not stop him from openly supporting the sexual etiology of hysteria in subsequent cases whenever sexuality proved itself more obviously linked to the initial outbreak of the illness. As Breuer summed up his position in 1907, "I confess that plunging into sexuality in theory and practice is not to my taste. But what have my taste and feeling about what is seemly and what is

unseemly to do with the question of what is true?"

As for Breuer's break with Freud, it was actually precipitated by Freud's fanatical attempts to reduce hysteria and other neuroses to purely biological causes. Rather than admit his own fanaticism on this subject or Breuer's reasoned reserve, Freud attributed Breuer's criticisms to a personal repression of sexual matters. Thus, Josef Breuer, who in many important respects was both the first psychoanalyst and one of the most sympathetic Viennese supporters of Freud's psychoanalytic discoveries in the 1890s, also became, in time, the first major victim of psychoanalytically reconstructed history.

Fliess and Infantile Sexuality

No figure has been victimized by as many myths and misconceptions in the service of the psychoanalytic cause as Wilhelm Fliess, a Berlin physician and biologist, whose friendship with Freud spanned the 15 critical years from 1887 to 1902 in which psychoanalysis took form. According to Ernest Jones and other psychoanalyst-historians, Fliess was a baneful pseudoscientist whom Freud tolerated as a "listener" owing to his "isolation" during his heroic self-analysis. The self-analysis in turn is said to have led to Freud's revolutionary discovery of infantile sexuality, an insight that finally freed him from his need of Fliess. What the Freudians omitted to report in their historical account is that Fliess was a pioneer in the field of infantile sexuality; his own ideas on this subject appeared in an 1897 monograph nine months before Freud's self-analysis.

was 11 or 12. The family was sitting one evening at a restaurant in the Prater, a famous Viennese park, when their attention was attracted by a man who, for a small fee, was improvising verse on any chosen subject. Freud was sent to fetch the poet, who began by dedicating a few lines to his young emissary, declaring that the boy would grow up to be a cabinet minister. At that time the liberal *Bürger* ("Middle-class") Ministry included a number of Jews, whose names and portraits were all well known to Jewish schoolboys. Freud was so impressed by this prediction that he decided to study law. Only at the last

moment before entering the university did he change to medicine.

Amidst all these expectations concerning Freud's impending fame—expectations that were greatly reinforced by the extreme pride and love that his mother extended to her favorite child—it is no wonder that he felt destined for greatness. The entire family revolved around his well-being. (When Freud found that a sister's piano practicing was disturbing his studies, both the piano lessons and the piano had to go.) Freud later acknowledged the considerable psychological benefits of his favored position within his family

when he commented that "people who know that they are preferred or favoured by their mother give evidence in their lives of a peculiar self-reliance and an unshakeable optimism which often seem like heroic attributes and bring actual success to their possessors."

Freud's youthful ambitions were not limited to those of a would-be cabinet minister. His principal boyhood heroes were Hannibal, the Semitic general who crossed the Alps with his Carthaginian forces and outwitted the Roman legions; Cromwell, who allowed the Jews to return to England; and Napoleon, also an emancipator of the Jews.

Fliess believed that all life was regulated by two rhythms—a 23-day male cycle and a 28-day female cycle. This theory of vital periodicity implied the necessary existence of spontaneous infantile sexuality. The mother's two sexual periods were transmitted to the child in earliest embryonic life and were supposed to determine the sex of the offspring and to regulate its further maturation and overall vital activities until its death.

It was to show that his two periodic rhythms were biochemically sexual in nature that Fliess was drawn to the problem of infantile sexuality. Indeed, his pansexualist unification of biorhythms, sexual chemistry, and a theory of the entire human life cycle seemed to contradict contemporary scientific belief that sexual phenomena do not exist before puberty. And so it was that Fliess seized eagerly upon the little-recognized evidence for spontaneous infantile sexuality, and particularly for the periodicity of its manifestations, as a major corroboration of his overall system.

Thus, when Sigmund Freud later wrote in *An Outline of Psycho-Analysis* that one of "the most unexpected" findings of all his psychoanalytic researches had been the discovery that "sexual life does not begin only at puberty, but starts with plain manifestations soon after birth," he was in fact echoing one of Wilhelm Fliess's equally pioneering insights.

Contrary to the consensus of most Freud scholars, it is irrelevant to the assessment of Wilhelm Fliess's influence upon Freud that Fliess's scientific ideas eventually proved to be "pathological" (incorrect) science in hindsight. What matters historically is that Freud (as well as many of his scientific contemporaries) not only

defended the truth and the importance of Fliess's discoveries but also was inspired by his ideas to think in new and fruitful ways about sexuality and its role in human development.

The 'Hostile Reception' Myth

In denying Freud's numerous debts to biology, Freud and his movement found themselves in need of an alternative historical scenario for Freud's discoveries. The story of Freud's famous self-analysis supplied much of that alternative scenario by reinforcing the myth of Freud's absolute originality. The latter myth in turn demanded the myth of Freud's "hostile" and outraged reception by an unprepared world.

At first, so goes this traditional story, Freud's more creative discoveries, such as his theory of dreams, were "simply ignored." We are told by Ernest Jones, for instance, that *The Interpretation of Dreams* had yet to be reviewed by a scientific periodical as late as 18 months after its publication. This traditional historical scenario of isolation and rejection has served as a congenial model for most subsequent Freud biographers.

If we turn to the actual historical record, we find that the initial reception of Freud's theories was quite different indeed from this traditional account. In contrast to the picture painted by Freud, Jones, and Freud's biographers more generally, Freud's two books on dreams received at least 30 separate reviews. Nor were these reviews predominantly hostile. The very first notice to appear in the December 1899 issue of *Die Gegenwart* (Berlin) described *The Interpretation of Dreams* as an "epoch-making" work.

In the light of such blatant contradic-

tions between the actual historical facts and the traditional account of Freud's reception, one is naturally curious to understand what could have initiated such a myth. Although Freud indeed complained genuinely in his letters to Fliess, bemoaning the unappreciative and inadequate reception given to his book on dreams, he was both incompletely aware of the actual attention given it (especially outside Vienna) and peculiarly jaundiced toward even the most favorable reviews that came to his attention. Thus he considered that first review in *Die Gegenwart* to be "empty" and "inadequate," although he still managed to "forgive it" on account of "the one word 'epoch-making.'" Several months later, Freud reported to Fliess that the *Umschau* had carried "a short, friendly and uncomprehending review." That was the notice by Oppenheimer concluding that Freud's theories were "very ingenious and the whole book very much worth reading." Similarly, Freud was "astonished to find a really friendly *feuilleton* article in a newspaper, the *Wiener Fremdenblatt*," a statement that follows Freud's despondent claim that "not a leaf has stirred to show that the interpretation of dreams meant anything to anyone."

All of this is not to say that Freud and his theories met with no significant opposition whatsoever, for they did indeed, especially as the psychoanalytic movement gained organized momentum. The point I wish to make here is that strong opposition was not the initial reaction to Freud's theories; nor was any opposition premised upon the purported triumvirate of sexual prudery, hostility to innovation, and anti-Semitism that dominates the traditional historical scenario on this subject.

In his role as a neurologist and later as a psychoanalyst, Freud continued to live out these heroic identifications with great warriors and leaders of the downtrodden. Declining to envision himself as a brilliant thinker in the mold of Newton, Galileo, or Goethe, Freud instead emphasized his affinity with men of boldness and courage. "For I am actually not at all a man of science," he once told his friend Fliess, "not an observer, not an experimenter, not a thinker. I am by temperament nothing but a *conquistador*, an adventurer, if you wish to translate this term—with all the inquisitiveness, daring, and tenacity

characteristic of such a man."

It is partly through this series of hero-identifications that one must seek to understand Freud's repeated references to his isolation throughout life. As a hero, Freud thrived on opposition and the feelings of isolation that such opposition entailed. These conditions were actually important to his creative work as well as to his conviction that he was fulfilling an heroic destiny. To Fliess, Freud spoke openly of his "zest for martyrdom." In a similar vein, Frederick J. Hacker has contrasted Freud "the non-joiner" with "the gregarious Vienna of his day. . . . It seems as if

Freud almost insisted on his isolation, from which he suffered so bitterly. . . . More and more, he remained aloof. . . ." Although in accordance with the established myth, we usually think of Freud's years of "splendid isolation" as ending some five or six years after the turn of the century, Freud never stopped feeling isolated, no matter how famous he became.

Freud's highly ambivalent attitude toward autobiographical history grew out of his personal hero-complex. Twice, in 1885 and 1907, he ruthlessly blotted out the past by destroying most of his personal papers. As he revealed to

his fiancée on the first of these occasions—in which letters, notebooks, private diaries, and manuscripts all perished—the holocaust was necessary so that the hero's past could be properly shrouded in mystery:

... I couldn't have matured or died without worrying about who would get hold of these old papers. . . . As for the biographers, let them worry, we have no desire to make it too easy for them. Each one of them will be right in his opinion of "The Development of the Hero," and I am already looking forward to seeing them go astray.

Thus to Freud the denial of history was a prerequisite of being and, above all, of remaining a full-fledged hero in the eyes of posterity. By destroying his past, he actively sought to cultivate the "unknowable" about himself and thereby to set himself apart from the more transparent nonheroes of humanity.

One last indication of Freud's sense of heroic destiny is worth mentioning here. As a young medical student at the University of Vienna, he used to stroll through the great arcaded court amidst the busts of all the famous professors who had taught there. According to his disciple and biographer, Ernest Jones, not only did Freud imagine, as many other students must have imagined of themselves, that he would one day be figured among these busts, but he even envisioned the precise inscription—in Greek from Sophocles's *Oedipus Rex*—that his own statue would bear: "Who divined the famed riddle [of the Sphinx] and was a man most mighty." The famed riddle was: what is it that possesses but one voice and yet is sometimes four-footed, sometimes two-footed, and sometimes three-footed? The answer is man, who crawls on all fours as an infant, walks when grown, and supports himself with a cane in old age. As recounted by legend, Oedipus solved the riddle, and the Sphinx thereupon killed herself. The Thebans were so grateful to Oedipus that they made him their king.

Like the solution to the Sphinx's famous riddle, Freud's novel insights into the enigmas of the human mind required a developmental conception of man in which the dramatic story of Oedipus himself came to play a significant part. Thus Freud's psychoanalytic discoveries were an uncanny fulfillment of his youthful fantasy in the university arcade. It therefore came as a considerable shock to Freud when in 1906 his followers secretly had a medallion prepared in honor of his 50th birthday and coincidentally chose for it the same

inscription from Sophocles's *Oedipus Rex*. "When Freud read the inscription," Jones reports, "he became pale and agitated and in a strangled voice demanded to know who had thought of it. He behaved as if he had encountered a revenant, and so he had."

II

Few theories in science have spawned a following that can compare with the psychoanalytic movement in its cultlike manifestations, in its militancy, and in the aura of a religion that has permeated it. Not only the opponents but even the movement's adherents were struck by the analogy with a religious sect. Hanns Sachs has described in his autobiography how, upon reading Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*, he "found the one thing worth while for me to live for; many years later I discovered that it was the only thing I could live by." Of the small band of early followers who attended Freud's Saturday evening lectures at the University of Vienna, Fritz Wittels has reported that they used to accompany Freud "in triumph" as he left the lecture hall, deliberately seeking to make themselves "as conspicuous as possible." They knew all Freud's works by heart, Wittels adds—even the footnotes—and "were as proud . . . [of themselves] as the pupils of Aristotle in the days before that philosopher's works had become widely known."

Another early member of the society, music critic Max Graf (father of the famous "little Hans"), wrote of these weekly gatherings: "There was an atmosphere of the foundation of a religion in that room. Freud himself was its new prophet who made the theretofore prevailing methods of psychological investigation appear superficial. Freud's pupils—all inspired and convinced—were his apostles." Gradually the religion became a church, Graf recalls, and heresy was dealt with by excommunication: "Freud—as the head of a church—banished Adler; he ejected him from the official church. Within the space of a few years, I lived through the whole development of a church history. . . ."

For those followers who remained loyal to Freud's doctrines, the rewards of the church could be considerable. "Freud played the role of personal analyst, father figure, and ego ideal" to his church members. His disciples served him in turn by internalizing his heroic sense of mission, by adopting his values and personal mannerisms, and by spreading his gospel.

One sociologist has pointed to four principal sources of the sectarian characteristics common to psychoanalysis and other cults.

First, the nature of the doctrine often plays an instrumental role. If the doctrine is suited to a religion or a sweeping political ideology because it answers fundamental questions about life and death, then it may develop sectlike attributes. Second, sectarianism is favored when the members of a school possess only marginal status in society—the position of psychoanalysts vis-à-vis orthodox medicine. Under such conditions individuals may use their ideology, as psychoanalysts did, to interpret their position as outcasts, a circumstance that can only foster even greater mistrust toward outsiders and hence an increasing sense of uniqueness among the group's adherents. Psychoanalysis, furthermore, attracted many disciples who had already had marginal status before joining the movement. Besides being predominantly Jewish, Freud's early followers were often "lonely and highly neurotic men." A surprising number eventually committed suicide (Stekel, Federn, Kahane, Tausk, Silberer, Honegger, Schrötter; and there were others).

A third common inducement to sectarian behavior is the response of the outside world. Greater militancy and belligerence are natural in a revolutionary movement once its teachings fail to be accepted and approved.

Finally, the nature of the school's leadership, which in Freud's case was paternal and authoritarian and involved the limited but financially important power of patronage through patient referrals, supplemented the previous three considerations in promoting an extraordinary level of scientific obedience among early Freudians. Naturally, the more independent-minded analysts found it increasingly difficult to develop their own ideas under such conditions. "The goody-goodys are no good," Freud wistfully remarked to a patient in the late 1920s, "and the naughty ones go away."

Defections from orthodox psychoanalysis only served to heighten the movement's sectarian features. It was as a direct result of the defection of Adler, Jung, and Stekel that Ernest Jones proposed the institution in 1912 of a "strictly secret" committee of loyal adherents who could be charged with safeguarding the future of psychoanalysis. The principal inspiration for this idea, as Jones tells us in his

biography of Freud, was his acquaintance with "stories of Charlemagne's paladins from boyhood, and many secret societies from literature." The committee's appointed tasks were to share the burden of replying to Freud's critics; to direct the ever-widening movement according to a "preconcerted plan" (which included controlling the International Association and its publishing house); and, in Freud's own words, to "defend the cause against personalities and accidents when I am no more." Freud presented each committee member with a special gold ring upon which was mounted an antique Greek intaglio from his private collection. The committee remained a secret organization until 1927, when it was merged with the official board of the International Association.

In the context of the sectarian politics of the psychoanalytic movement, it becomes easier to see why psychoanalytic history is so remarkably rich in mythology. As loyal adherents to the cause, Freud's followers were an integral part of Freud's personal myth of the hero. Their history, like his, became modeled on "the hero." Among Freud's followers-turned-biographers, the movement's belligerent, black-and-white attitude toward the world later translated itself into an equally black-and-white conception of history and thus contributed in large part to the various myths portraying Freud's absolute originality, his isolation, and his rejection by orthodox medicine.

It is with these myth-making forces in mind that one must understand and appraise Ernest Jones's monumental three-volume biography of Freud. If Jones's work may be said to be perhaps the fullest expression of the Freud legend, one must also marvel at how remarkably good this biography really is, given Jones's own intimate involvement in the cause. Jones saw himself in relation to Freud as T. H. Huxley—"Darwin's bulldog"—had stood to the embattled Darwin a half century earlier. "There was an almost Promethean revolt in Jones," analyst Veszy-Wagner commented about him after his death, "against persons (in society, private life, or in the battle of old versus new tendencies in the realm of scientific progress) who 'cannot suffer the existence of any other God.'" Veszy-Wagner, who was in close contact with Jones during his composition of the Freud volumes, particularly noted his undiminished virulence toward all the old opponents of Freud and psy-



Members of the committee. Seated: Freud, Ferenczi, Sachs; standing: Rank, Abraham, Eitingon, Jones. Photo from *Sigmund Freud* edited by Ernst Freud, Lucie Freud, and Ilse Grubrich-Simitis (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

choanalysis. "In a way," Veszy-Wagner concludes, "he regarded the Freud biography as part of his autobiography"—so much so, in fact, that Jones postponed writing his own autobiography (1959) in favor of the Freud work even though he knew he might die, as he did, before completing them both. If he frequently confused fact with legendary fiction, one must still respect the immense task that Jones undertook. What appears to us as myth today was an incontestable form of "psychological reality" to Jones and the movement. In giving expression to these myths, as well as to his own perceptions of Freud, Jones has told us something essential about the psychoanalytic revolution in which he took part.

III

To conclude this essay, I shall draw together the themes of myth and historical reality in Freud's life by placing them within a more abstract sociological model, and in so doing, shall seek to answer two basic questions touching upon the sociology of knowledge. First, is there a "natural history" to the politics of the psychoanalytic revolution? And, if there is, what general patterns of myth formation and propaganda production can be discerned in it?

The various principles governing the politics of knowledge, especially insofar as this politics relates to propaganda and legend, have not been studied systematically in the history of science. These principles have been dealt with, however, in a more general context by

students of the sociology of knowledge. According to two recent sociologists, Peter Berger and Thomas Luckmann, the ideological machinery found in most revolutionary movements has crucial "didactic" and "policing" functions to perform in order to sustain the new world view. Such machinery typically includes three strategic components: legitimation, nihilation, and therapeutics.

Legitimation helps to promulgate the leader's teachings as part of a ready-made tradition of belief. Through legitimation, a movement seeks to explain the superiority of its new conceptual order by presenting a convincing history of how this new order came to detect the basic flaws of its predecessor. In psychoanalytic lore, the stories of Anna O.'s remarkable illness and "cure" by Breuer, of the revolutionary discoveries that ensued when Freud turned his new methods inward upon himself, and of Freud's lonely years of scientific isolation before finally emerging into world fame—these stories and many others have all legitimated the heroic superiority of Freud's achievements.

The technique of legitimation nevertheless fails to explain why a particular reality is the *only* possible one, why, that is, this new reality should not someday be supplanted by another, as was the fate of the prevailing dogma before it. This is where nihilation (a negative version of legitimation) and therapeutics come in. To guard against such challenges to a movement's credibility, the line between the

legitimate and the illegitimate must be made as unambiguous as possible. Two common forms of nihilation are employed toward this end: a sharp contrast is introduced between preconversion existence and the world of the initiate, and a reinterpretation of past events and individuals is often required so that they harmonize with the present reality. Often discrepant events or persons are replaced by substitutes that serve the new dogma's purposes more effectively. Yet the rewriting of history that nihilation always entails need not be wholly premeditated; "invented" versions of history may be introduced quite unintentionally out of a desire to bring the past into line with the present.

So successful has the process of nihilation been in psychoanalytic history that even Freud's own disciples were long at a loss to imagine any other derivation for his discoveries than a sort of intellectual "spontaneous generation." "Strangely enough," Erik Erikson confessed in the late 1950s, "we students [of Freud] knew little of his beginnings, nothing of that mysterious self-analysis which he alluded to in his writings. We knew people whom Freud had introduced into psychoanalysis, but psychoanalysis itself had, to all appearances, sprung from his head like Athena from the head of Zeus." As a strategic tool in this nihilation process, the story of Freud's "mysterious self-analysis," to take just one example, grew in importance with the years, serving as a key mechanism in the denial of history.

The training analysis soon became a more everyday means of reinforcing this historical nihilation. Edward Glover, after 16 years as director of research at the London Institute of Psycho-Analysis, had the following critical words to say about the indoctrinating influence of training analyses:

It is scarcely to be expected that a student who has spent some years under the artificial and sometimes hothouse conditions of a training analysis and whose professional career depends on overcoming 'resistance' to the satisfaction of his training analyst, can be in a favourable position to defend his scientific integrity against his analyst's theory and practice. And the longer he remains in training analysis, the less likely he is to do so. For according to his analyst the candidate's objections to interpretations rate as 'resistances.' In short there is a tendency inherent in the training situation to perpetuate error.

Thus between the parable of Freud's

AN AFTERWARDS

She would plunge all poets in the ninth circle
And fix them, tooth in skull, tonguing for brain;
For backbiting in life she'd make their hell
A rabid egotistical daisy-chain.

Unyielding, spurred, ambitious, unblunted,
Lockjawed, mantrapped, each a fastened badger
Jockeying for position, hasped and mounted
Like Ugolino on Archbishop Roger.

And when she'd make her circuit of the ice,
Aided and abetted by Virgil's wife,
I would cry out, 'My sweet, who wears the bays
In our green land above, whose is the life

Most dedicated and exemplary?'
And she: 'I have closed my widowed ears
To the sulphurous news of poets and poetry.
Why could you not have, oftener, in our years

Unclenched, and come down laughing from your room
And walked the twilight with me and your children—
Like that one evening of elder bloom
And hay, when the wild roses were fading?'

And (as some maker gaffs me in the neck)
'You weren't the worst. You aspired to a kind,
Indifferent, faults-on-both-sides tact.
You left us first, and then those books, behind.'

Seamus Heaney

self-analytic path to discovery and the more everyday influences of training analysis, several generations of psychoanalysts have successfully learned to overcome "conscious" doubts about psychoanalytic propositions and to accept Freud's theories as the sole source of psychological truth.

One last principle from our politics-of-knowledge trichotomy remains to be considered. Great revolutionary movements need not only legitimating and nihilating procedures but also therapeutic ones, which help to keep the new order pure by placing the whole burden of blame for deviance upon those who defect. The notorious "repression-resistance" argument is psychoanalysts' most effective propaganda mechanism. Indeed, the protective function of therapeutics was intimately bound up with the whole conception of Freudian "therapy." Had not Freud himself explicitly instructed his followers to treat all their scientific critics as they would an unanalyzed patient offering "resistance"? On the eve of his break with Freud, Jung spoke bitterly of just such propaganda pressures, now being directed against himself, when he complained to Freud that far too many psychoanalysts were misusing psychoanalysis "for the purpose of devalu-

ing others. . . . Anything that might make them think is written off as a complex. This protective function of [psychoanalysis] badly . . . [needs] unmasking." But Jung and other dissidents were expecting too much when they sought exemption from a polemical technique that they themselves had advantageously applied—with great relish—to Freud's nonanalytic critics.

* * * *

With its characteristic emphasis upon Freud's absolute originality, his lonely years of intellectual isolation, and his hostile reception by the scientific world, the psychoanalytic movement's myth of the hero has made ample use of the three general principles I have just reviewed. By legitimating the special and hard-wrought nature of psychoanalytic truth; by nihilating the achievements and credibility of Freud's critics; and by offering a built-in therapy to explain defections from the movement—this powerful ideological machinery, together with the commanding hero myth that lies behind it, has inspired and sustained countless students of Freud's teachings. There is, in fact, no other theory in the history of scientific thought that can rival psychoanalysis for such an elaborate system of self-

reinforcing defenses.

The myth of the hero and the myth of Freud as pure psychologist stand as the two great pillars around which traditional psychoanalytic history has long cultivated its inspiring image of Freud. Through legitimation, nihilation, and therapeutics, the psychoanalytic movement has sought to control the future by controlling (and recasting) the myth-laden past.

We are accustomed to such myths, mystiques, and cults of personality in major social and political movements; but their manifestation in the objective world of science is more surprising. Since the evolution of myth has been particularly pronounced in the history of the psychoanalytic movement, we may well ask whether psychoanalysis is perhaps unique among the sciences in

having sought so strenuously to shroud its origins in myth. Still, psychoanalysis may have exceptional features in this respect, but it is hardly exceptional within science for the general trend of its myths. Like psychoanalysts, all scientists hold a theory, however unspoken and implicit, about the proper route to scientific discovery; and that theory mythologizes the memory of every great achievement in science. In more ways than we acknowledge, myth rules history with an iron grip, dictating the preservation of mythical fact and the destruction of antimyth long before the historian can even begin to reverse this relentless process. Mankind, it would seem, will not tolerate the critical assaults upon its heroes and the charitable reassessments of its villains that mythless history requires.

drawn from Germany. (Arendt saw the totalitarian dictatorship striving to smash natural social organisms and "atomize" the individual, whereas Soviet totalitarianism has been more concerned to ensnare and mobilize the individual in a complex network of organizations all presumed to reflect the will of the leader.) Arendt was followed by Carl Friedrich's and Zbigniew Brzezinski's *Totalitarian Government and Autocracy* (1956), which accurately reflected Soviet reality, but a reality that was by then already out of date: their thesis of totalitarianism's drive to transform society, drawn from the Stalin Revolution of the 1930s, had been rendered obsolete by late Stalinist rigidity and post-Stalin pragmatism. Nevertheless, the basic premises of the totalitarian model remained so convincing that its challengers were confined to a few adherents of the so-called "conflict model" of factional politics, until the fall of Khrushchev demonstrated that the supreme leader had in fact lost power to some broader group or institution. This startling event opened the gates to a variety of new interpretations, usually seeking some dispersed power base in the various Soviet bureaucracies according

How the Soviet Union is Governed by Jerry F. Hough and Merle Fainsod

(Harvard University Press; \$18.50)

Why can't the Russians be like us? This lament recurs in practically everything written in America in the last two generations to explain the Soviet Union, whether to bemoan the Leviathan despotism of the Kremlin or to glean some traces of familiarity that might link Soviet life with our own. And mortal peril hangs on the answer: if the differences between our systems are irreparable, then how can we avert the menace of mutual annihilation?

One of the most outstanding expositions of a generation ago on the political chasm between us and the Russians was the renowned text by the late Merle Fainsod of Harvard, *How Russia is Ruled*, first published just after Stalin died in 1953 and updated a decade later. Fainsod spelled out with meticulous scholarship what a generation of subsequent observers would designate as the totalitarian model of political life in the Soviet Union, with its monolithic Communist party, pervasive controls, and all-powerful leader at the top.

With the passage of time and substantial changes both in the Soviet government and in Western interpretations of it, Harvard University Press turned for a revision of the Fainsod work to Professor Jerry Hough of the University

of North Carolina, a former Fainsod student who had already established his own substantial reputation as a researcher on Soviet politics (*The Soviet Prefects*, 1969, and *The Soviet Union and Social Science Theory*, 1977). Hough's product, however, is far more than a rewrite; it is a new book, which takes Fainsod's work as a point of departure, even referencing and quoting him, but moves far afield to achieve what is no longer a textbook but a brilliant and exhaustive new statement of the nature of politics in Russia. It embodies, in fact, the most substantial critique to date of the totalitarian model exemplified by Fainsod.

The term totalitarianism was adopted in the 1930s by beleaguered intellectual defenders of constitutionalism to convey the commonality of evil they perceived in the political systems of fascism, nazism, and communism. German and Italian apologists occasionally flaunted the expression, while the Soviets consistently rejected it (and even now rarely allow it so much as to appear in print). It was made common academic currency by Hannah Arendt in her *Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951), a work of tremendous impact even though it badly misstated the nature of the Soviet regime by using analytical premises

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to the "interest group" formulation of H. Gordon Skilling and Franklyn Griffiths (*Interest Groups in Soviet Politics*, 1971). Now Jerry Hough has delivered the coup de grace to the old simplistic totalitarian model, at least as far as academic respectability is concerned.

Hough's work fundamentally is to detail a conception of the "policy process" in the Soviet Union drawing on recent fashions in American political science that play down the significance of formal structures, be they democratic or dictatorial, and look instead for the interplay of the "inputs" of advice and advocacy and the "outputs" of choice and allocation in the process of decision-making. With persuasive documentation from the Soviet press and on-the-spot interviews, he delineates the opportunities for the individual Soviet bureaucrat or specialist and even the individual worker-citizen—if he plays the game—to affect the formulation of policy questions, offer recommendations and complaints, supply information, and contribute to an environment of sentiments and interests that can appreciably constrain the arbitrariness of the people at the top. He finds a "gradual broadening of open policy debates by those who are willing to work within the system," even if such debates among specialists do not reach a mass audience (do they here?), and he notes the extraordinary scale of involving citizens in the activity of controlling one another. He suggests that a parental sort of leniency is shown toward non-conformists—human rights advocates will find this hard to accept—arguing that the authorities "have instituted legal proceedings only as a last resort."

The contrast in outlook between Fainsod and Hough shows how the Soviet Union has been perceived to have changed in the last quarter century. In his deft review of the development of Soviet communism from pre-revolutionary times, Hough directs his new perspective to the past as well: he finds a persistent gulf between the popular view of "a totally alien agent that has grafted itself, like a tumor, onto a helpless organism" and the modern scholarly view of a complex evolution shaped by deep historic forces in Russian

society accounting both for the emergence of communist totalitarianism under Stalin and its erosion under his successors. He recognizes the Khrushchev era as the unequivocal turning point, when arbitrary despotism and police terror were curbed and the bureaucracy began to discover its areas of security and independence. But—and this is one of his more controversial judgments—Hough maintains that the Brezhnev regime has not slid back in this respect; rather the new crew has moved ahead in its gray and quiet way to allow more voice and discretion to the managers and specialists in all the branches of the system, and has outgrown the compulsion to act "as if they had total knowledge." A vast and intricate network of political pressure and bargaining has thereby been able to take shape, within and among the professional party apparatus, the government ministries, the military, the trade union bureaucracy, and the myriads of officially sponsored special-purpose organizations, whether centrally or locally based. It adds up, in Hough's mind, to an "institutional pluralism" in which, under the formal authority of the single party, entrenched bureaucratic agencies and coalitions acquire the practical ability to limit the options of the leadership and protect their own interests. Not so different from our own bureaucrats and lobbies.

Where is this top-heavy system of "participatory bureaucracy," as I have elsewhere called it, headed in the future, with the succession question in the immediate offing? Hough speculates freely on the possibility of a constitutional evolution, brought about by the bureaucracy's interest in curbing the leader: "The preponderance of pressure is in the direction of liberalization." The new generation of leaders that will follow the present gerontocracy will not mirror the authoritarianism of the upwardly mobile ignoramuses who benefited from Stalin's purges and grew old in office thereafter. Ideology will be no barrier—it is ambiguous enough to be interpreted either way. On the other hand, Hough's analysis strongly implies that the weight of the Soviet bureaucracy and the involvement of millions of citizens in its vested interests will preclude any radical change in the country's institutional structure or priorities. Certainly there is no likelihood of a restoration of capitalism (if concessions to peasant individualism are excluded from this term). By the same token, the system could no doubt

ride out a substantial top-level political upheaval with no great interruption in its everyday functioning.

Hough's sanguine expectations for the Soviet future will not rest easy with those who attribute an enduring ideological design to communist political behavior, nor with those whose criteria of political judgment are based on canons of intellectual freedom and open political competition. Dismissing ideology as an independent factor in politics, he has little to say about the dissent movements or about intellectual life in general, while the police and the Gulag figure are minimized in comparison with the Stalinist past. That non-Russian share of the Soviet population, who are soon to become more than half, draws no systematic attention, though Hough does recognize that the centrifugal potential of nationalism is likely to be a significant inhibitor on the liberalization of the Soviet policy process. What might be the future influence of those deep-seated Russian traditions to which he tends to attribute the rise of Soviet totalitarianism in the first place, Hough does not explain. Recent indications of a right-wing nationalist current tacitly condoned by the authorities—not to mention the chauvinism and anti-Semitism of the official line—should remind us that the fascist version of totalitarianism could find fertile ground in Russia if Marxism were not there to preempt it.

How the Soviet Union is Governed appears at a moment when the question of one's model for the interpretation of Soviet politics is no mere academic exercise, but a basis for crucial decisions in the area of East-West relations. The totalitarian model was the image for the cold war era: it made Soviet intransigence and deviousness the systematic expression of monolithic politics and the dictatorial ego. More pluralistic conceptions of politics in the Kremlin have flourished in the era of detente. Now that the pending question of SALT II ratification is polarizing American opinion on relations with the Russians in a manner unseen for many years, the soundness of a particular perception of the Soviet policy process may have a decisive bearing on the future of American-Soviet relations. A single-minded, ideologically committed or egomaniacal Kremlin leadership such as was perceived to be holding forth in cold war days would warrant tough bargaining and a dry powder horn. A Kremlin of factious individuals each catering to a broad institutional constituency would

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offer a substantial opportunity for blandishments and inducements to bring about various forms of mutual accommodation.

These are the choices of policy that would logically flow from the alternative perceptions of politics in the Kremlin. Misperception either way could lead to lost advantage or lost opportunity, as when American inflexibility following the U-2 affair in 1960 apparently helped to undermine Khrushchev and his efforts to dampen the arms race. An immediate hazard, however, is that a particular view of the Kremlin may be inadvertently selected on the basis of the preferred sort of policy that it supports. Are the Russians incorrigible, or is there some hope they will become more like us, and hence more tractable if not more trustworthy? The hardliner, whether out of instinct

or politics, will insist on the monolithic and monomaniacal character of the adversary, while the devotee of detente will clutch at any evidence of Soviet liberalization as an opening for the entering wedge of an olive branch. Kremlinology is consequently destined to be a politically sensitive subject in the near future, and Hough's *How the Soviet Union is Governed* will deservedly appear at the center of the coming debate.

Robert V. Daniels

Robert V. Daniels is professor of history at the University of Vermont and co-editor of the memorial volume of essays by Merle Fainsod's students, *The Dynamics of Soviet Politics* (Harvard University Press). His latest book, *The Despotism of Liberty: A Comparative History of Revolution*, will be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

of an evening in New York in 1926 when Steinbeck was trying to support himself as a reporter and make it as a writer:

She was intrigued to discover that he was from California and wanted to know all about Hollywood. Having once visited a movie studio in Los Angeles with Duke Sheffield, John spoke of Hollywood with vivid authority and mock-weary condescension. Mary Ardeth seemed to hang on his every word.

John was astonished when she invited him up to her apartment. She made coffee and, as they sipped it, she told him about her artistic ambitions. When she spoke, she looked at Steinbeck with eyes that seemed to penetrate him. He felt both discomfort and elation—discomfort because of his habitual shyness, elation because of the apparently sensual nature of her interest in him. Much to his further surprise, and due largely to Mary Ardeth's increasingly suggestive gaze, he ended up falling in love with her.

Nothing tells the reader how Mr. Kiernan knows, a half century back, that Steinbeck was mock-weary, condescending, or astonished, that they sipped rather than gulped, that it was her eyes that penetrated him and how, as eyes penetrate, one measures increasing suggestiveness. Something must have come from one or the other of the two present (perhaps letters again), videotape bugging being then unavailable. The reader surely has a right to know the source. I am aware of a branch of modern journalism which allows of invention along these lines but to hell with that too.

Where he can be checked, Mr. Kiernan can be wrong. After 1955, he says, Steinbeck's "interior discontent would continue to build. Coupled with a succession of physical maladies, including a series of light heart attacks, it would turn him into a prematurely petulant old man." I knew Steinbeck rather well during those years. So far from being prematurely petulant (whatever that means, for I am older and, if anything, prematurely mellow), Steinbeck in these times was inventive, entertaining, amused as well as amusing, intensely curious on literary and political matters, otherwise alert to his

The Intricate Music: A Biography of John Steinbeck by Thomas Kiernan

(Little, Brown; \$12.95)

The publisher says of this book in its advice to reviewers that it is "a biography of which Steinbeck would surely have approved." This I doubt; John Steinbeck made some spectacularly bad judgments in his 66 years, but he would not be guilty of so great a lapse as that.

The merit of the book, that nugget for which the instinctively compassionate reviewer looks, is its breadth. It tells of Steinbeck's parents, his birth, boyhood surroundings in the Salinas Valley and on the Monterey Peninsula, his episodic attempts at education at Stanford, his wives, and the rejection or publication of his novels, plays, and screenplays. It is also impressive and detailed on Steinbeck's struggle to write, get published, and get read.

The flaws are, first, that Mr. Kiernan cannot write, and second, that there is no way of knowing how much of the detail with which he embellishes the basic Steinbeck history is true. His literary theory I, at least, found substantially impenetrable.

In his writing Mr. Kiernan is a master of the redundant or cloying adjective, the cliché the more putrid forms of aca-

demic jargon, the split infinitive, and the forthrightly wrong usage. (I am aware that some think infinitive splitting is also wrong usage while some think it fine, but Mr. Kiernan, alas, seems not to be aware of the issue.) With all else, he is inordinately wordy. "When he was granted permission to temporarily drop out of school in order to recuperate at home, he returned immediately to Salinas and the solicitous bosom of his family." "It would not be farfetched to suppose that Steinbeck's success as a descriptive writer stemmed directly from his boyhood penchant for oral storytelling." "It was the worst possible time for a writer to get published—especially one dealing in obtuse allegories." "Life magazine contacted Steinbeck. . . ." ". . . his mouth was aflame with periodontal disease." But to hell with such garbage.

As to the information, some comes from the Steinbeck letters, which were plentiful, for Steinbeck was a superb correspondent, and a nice selection was published in 1975 by Elaine Steinbeck and Robert Wallsten (*Steinbeck: A Life in Letters*, Viking Press). For the rest one simply doesn't know. Here is an account

Coming:

John Irving on

Kurt Vonnegut.

surroundings and a superb companion. I have no doubt that from reflection on age and his health, he had his winters of discontent, even despair. But if anything here was remarkable, it was his ability to conceal his troubles from his friends or make them a source of wry fun. Mr. Kiernan visited Steinbeck on a couple of occasions during this time, once as an editor "trying to put together an anthology of our major but aging writers. It was to be a commemorative

volume that would celebrate the art these authors had given to our culture." Especially on his first visit, he found Steinbeck disagreeable. I can only conclude that John had already somehow encountered some of Kiernan's prose.

John Kenneth Galbraith

John Kenneth Galbraith is author, most recently, of *The Nature of Mass Poverty* (Harvard University Press).

Boswell's Clap and Other Essays: Medical Analyses of Literary Men's Afflictions by William B. Ober, M.D.

(Southern Illinois University Press; \$17.50)

Over the years members of the medical faculty have covered themselves with about as much glory interpreting literature as literary critics have earned curing impetigo. Confronting *Hamlet* 60 years ago, Dr. Ernest Jones betrayed a sense of evidence and a capacity for reasoning so shaky as to be frightening. "The intrinsic evidence from the play," he wrote, "decisively shows that Shakespeare projected into it his inmost soul." *Decisively shows*. Imagine allowing a mind like that access to your varicose veins. More recently another practitioner entirely misses the comic irony in a letter of Samuel Johnson's, misunderstands Johnson to say the opposite of what he's saying, and then promotes this misapprehension into a whole solemn essay ("Samuel Johnson's Account of Certain Psychoanalytic Concepts," *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease*, 135 [Aug. 1962], 93-98). Despite his undoubted power to produce poems, the mind of Dr. William Carlos Williams proved feeble, if not childish, when it attempted literary theory. It would be hard to imagine a more absurd concept than his notion of the "variable foot" in metrics. Since a foot has meaning only as a fixed measure, the notion of a variable one makes as much sense as a variable gram.

Now along comes Dr. Ober, a histopathologist from New Jersey. As a representative of a profession which for over 10 years has been stumped to diagnose a mild tropical disease I picked up somewhere in the Near East, even

with my person and its effluents available for empirical scrutiny, he proposes to diagnose and interpret the ailments—or causes of death—of some prominent wits and authors running all the way back to Socrates (d. 339 BC) and Rochester (d. 1680), and to diagnose by means of documentary attestations, gossip, memoirs, letters, biographies, philosophical dialogues, poems, satires, and other rhetorical phenomena. His attempt is not intellectually compelling.

There's nothing wrong with his scholarship, which, all things considered, is impressive. It's the power to use it that's weak. Consider his essay "Did Socrates Die of Hemlock Poisoning?" (He concludes he did, and speculates that Plato refrained from depicting him throwing up or going into convulsions because "he wanted no undignified details.") Dr. Ober alludes to Jacques Louis David's neo-classic painting *The Death of Socrates* and recognizes that since David was not present at the scene his painting does not "pretend to verisimilitude." All very well, if very simple, so far. But as the reader goes on his eyebrows begin to ascend, for Dr. Ober is next asking, why did David depict as so large the prison room in which Socrates is reaching for the hemlock? Why did he make it large enough to hold comfortably a dozen or so people, plus the condemned? "To be sure," he writes, "we do not have floor plans of the jail at Athens, but as a general rule rooms in Greek buildings and houses were smaller than rooms

used for similar functions today. . . ." Furthermore, "It is difficult for anyone familiar with prisons in any period to imagine a cell commodious enough to hold the prisoner, the jailer, and 11 or 14 witnesses. A possible solution is that the execution took place in a special chamber. . . ." *What?* Rather, a possible solution to this non-problem is that David gave Socrates ample architectural space because that's a standard late 18th-century way of conferring dignity on a scene.

That's a sample of the way Dr. Ober frequently goes wrong: his mind does one thing while imagining it's doing another. But his most common technique for getting things worse is to assume that works of fiction, including poetry, constitute all-but-direct autobiographical registrations. Thus my Lord Rochester is said to have "painted directly from life" in his poem "The Imperfect Enjoyment," actually a traditional, standard late 17th-century comic-porno complaint about premature ejaculation. Ignoring its taking place in heroic couplets, Dr. Ober conceives the *ejaculatio praecox* to be actual, and goes on to explain: "Caught in a conflict between female and male object-choice, Rochester's psyche demanded retreat to infantile behavior in the form of premature ejaculation."

(*Voice from back of classroom:* Dr. Ober?

Dr. Ober: Yes?

Voice: I didn't know infants ejaculated prematurely.)

The same illiterate use of evidence could diagnose Robert Graves's trouble as priapism. Look at "Down, Wanton, Down!"

Dr. Ober is at his worst psychoanalyzing authors *ex post facto*, invoking the most tired metaphors of early 20th-century mechanics like "repression," "bursting out," and "emerging into consciousness." D. H. Lawrence comes out badly, stigmatized as a "latent homosexual" purely on the evidence of fictional passages. Dr. Ober lacks sufficient literary instinct to realize that a person of imagination, let alone genius, is a latent everything. Shakespeare is a latent lingo, not to mention a latent Weird Sister. Keats, reported to "conceive of a billiard ball that it may have a sense of delight from its own roundness, smoothness, volubility, and the rapidity of its motion," is a latent billiard ball. A corrective to Dr. Ober's silliness is Robert Conquest's spoof "*Lady Chatterley's Lover in the Light of Dürfian Psychology*," which mock-earnestly infers from Lawrence's imagery his

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"repressed wish to be an airman."

Not all Dr. Ober's essays are ridiculous. Some are pointless, like the one on Thomas Shadwell, which conjectures that he died not of an overdose of opium but of a heart attack. The one on the three mad 18th-century poets, Collins, Cowper, and Smart, is better: it does discriminate their three kinds of distress and even offers a just appraisal of Smart's *A Song to David*. The essay on Boswell, with its brilliant title for which Dr. Ober deserves praise, lacks point but does perform the service of tabulating Boswell's outcrops of urethritis during his life—he suffered 19 separate attacks of gonorrhea. The essay also contains two valuable paragraphs on the 18th-century condom and its deployment.

In interpreting Boswell, Dr. Ober is on fairly firm ground, for he is working from journal entries, not satires or lyric poems. With Swinburne, on the other hand, all the poems providing "evidence" of masochism are invoked; those that don't are not. I'm not saying that Swinburne was not wiggy. I'm saying that the poems he wrote are no way of ascertaining his condition. Keats's poems are said to be equally autobiographical. His "Ode to the Nightingale" contains "imagery and ideational content" betokening the effects of opium on its author. Dr. Ober doesn't know, or doesn't understand, that in the 19th century when you want

to sanction a far-out fiction you report it as a dream. Thus "Kubla Khan." There's a crucial intellectual and even "scientific" difference between saying, as Dr. Ober says, "Like Coleridge, DeQuincey, and Crabbe, [Francis] Thompson suffered from nightmares" and saying that they *said* they suffered from nightmares. Anyone who doesn't see the difference should abstain from literary scholarship and criticism.

Dr. Ober likes to drop names like Xenophon and Mozart and Pirandello to show that despite his barbarous diction and insecure grammar and clumsy sentences and pretentious jargon he's really a man of broad culture, not just the technologist we took him for. It's like Dr. Albert Schweitzer not being content to cure yaws: he had to come on as a philosopher and a Bach organist as well. It seems to be a syndrome—as Dr. Ober would say—in the medical profession, and one could write a study of the social and cultural insecurity there, using this book as one bit of evidence. I'm ready to believe that Dr. Ober is an able pathologist, but as a perceiver of what writers do and as an interpreter of literature, he's a quack.

Paul Fussell

Paul Fussell's most recent book is *The Great War and Modern Memory* (Oxford University Press.)

were Ed Muskie and minded it being "reported" in *Rolling Stone* that you were taking an exotic form of South American speed throughout the campaign. Or John Chancellor, alleged to be eating "black acid," or Walter Cronkite, a kingpin "in the white slavery racket with Vietnamese orphan girls."

Hunter Thompson was a star of the 1960s New Journalism, that fictional/factual mongrel born of the novel's turning navel-contemplative and of the general feeling that the derangements of the era required a more personal and high-energy witness than the who-what-where-how-and-why of conventional journalism permitted. Thompson perpetrated his own brand of madness called "Gonzo" or "Outlaw" journalism, which blended nicely with much of what was in the air: not the Beatles and flower politics, but Bob Dylan's lyric "To live outside the law you must be honest" and Norman Mailer's confounding the saint with the psychopath. During the reign of Richard Nixon, Thompson set out to be to journalism what François Villon once was to poetry.

Thompson erupted into the national consciousness in 1966 with *Hell's Angels: The Strange and Terrible Saga of the Outlaw Motorcycle Gang*—a curious book. Thompson was obviously turned on to his subject by the rash of lurid stories in the press, by eight-column heads like HELL'S ANGELS GANG RAPE, by such sinister runes as "Repeatedly . . . Assaulted Aged 14 and 15 . . . Stinking, Hairy Thugs." But his intimacy with Frenchy, Tiny, Terry the Tramp, and Charger Charley the Child Molester taught him that the Angels were mostly regular guys, Kiwanis unvarnished. Still, seeing waves of Angels on their Labor Day "run" astride their Harley Davidsons in their urine-stiffened cut-off Levi jackets adorned with the winged skull, and having them pull into your little town and order 200 Big Macs to go—this could be unsettling. If you messed with one Angel, you messed with all and were likely to get "stomped." If you were one Angel's "old lady," no one fooled with you; if you were a "mama," you were community property for as long as you hung around; if you were a "strange chick" mingling with the Angels, you were asking for it and got it en masse. The Angels were tribal, fascistic, not individualist and alienated (buzz word), in spite of the druthers of the *Berkeley Barb*. Their leader, Sonny Barger, actually wrote LBJ to volunteer a squad of his men

The Great Shark Hunt by Hunter S. Thompson

(A Rolling Stone Press Book/Summit Books; \$14.95)

For many in the early 1970s, especially those under 30, Hunter S. Thompson achieved instant celebrity when he suggested that Hubert Humphrey be castrated. "Remember me, Hubert?" he asked in *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*.

I'm the one who got smacked in the stomach by a billy club at the corner of Michigan and Balboa on that evil Wednesday four years ago in Chicago . . . while you looked down from your suite on the twenty-fifth floor of the Hilton, and wept with a snout full of tear gas drifting up from Grant Park.

This was not quite the same as Pete Hamill's beginning an impromptu

obituary of Mendell Rivers by observing that everyone knew Rivers was a bastard. But then, only a few folks in South Carolina who profited from military industrial favors would have bothered to argue with Hamill. Humphrey was a moving target. And Thompson was a lean and plain-speaking Cassius—he actually resembled one of Britain's "skinheads" or the young Burgess Meredith as a Martian—in an age, like most, that preferred the wish-washy idealism of its Brutuses. Thompson managed to be both plain-speaking and unscrupulous, somehow at the same time. Plus he was wickedly funny, unless, of course, you

to clean up Vietnam.

Doubtless disappointed in his hopes for communion with the *outré*, Thompson filed a breach against the media for hyping the Angels, alternately, as animals and visionaries. They were not, alas, "Charming Princes in disguise. Most are simply toads." The book concludes, however, with countervailing vignettes, glimpses of the author *in extremis*: in one, Thompson himself gets stomped, inexplicably; in the other he mounts 400 pounds of throbbing chrome and, fueled by quantities of LSD, heads off in search of "The Edge," that fabled "place of definitions" promised, but not delivered, by the Angels.

He had introduced his biker friends to Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters and Kesey introduced him to LSD. In 1969 he ran for sheriff of Aspen, Colorado on the Freak Power ticket. "Hell, I didn't want to be sheriff," he said later in his *Playboy* interview. "I just wanted to scare the piss out of the yahoos and the greedheads." He promised to eat drugs in the sheriff's office and to use his authority mainly to harass real estate developers. Incredibly, he won three out of six precincts but lost big in the two precincts where the rich people domiciled.

In 1971 Hunter S. Thompson was at large and geared for his most outrageous book, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, which was salvaged from an aborted assignment for *Sports Illustrated*, a job he'd taken as respite from heavy investigation into the "accidental" killing of an LA journalist named Ruben Salazar. *SI* wanted 250 words of caption material on the Mint 400 auto race. It got instead a wild cultural psychodrama that owed less to its ostensible subject than to its seething subtext—the Salazar killing, medicine cabinet roulette, and the *zeitgeist* itself. Thompson and his sidekick, the "Samoan attorney," never even saw the race—thanks to a \$300 advance which was put toward

two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers . . . and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.

Dope-driven, the dynamic duo spends most of its time courting disaster: building up huge hotel bills, converting rented Cadillacs into wrecks, vomiting, and running hilarious numbers on the petite bourgeoisie of Las Vegas.

Mid-madcap, Thompson draws an

assignment from *Rolling Stone* to "cover" the National Conference of District Attorneys Seminar on Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, also in Las Vegas: he and the Samoan attorney infiltrate the Flamingo Hotel, which is wall-to-wall with cops and DAs in plaid bermudas and Arnie Palmer golf shirts, and pretend to be undercover dicks hot on the trail of the last post-Manson menace, "Satan-worshippers" who kill

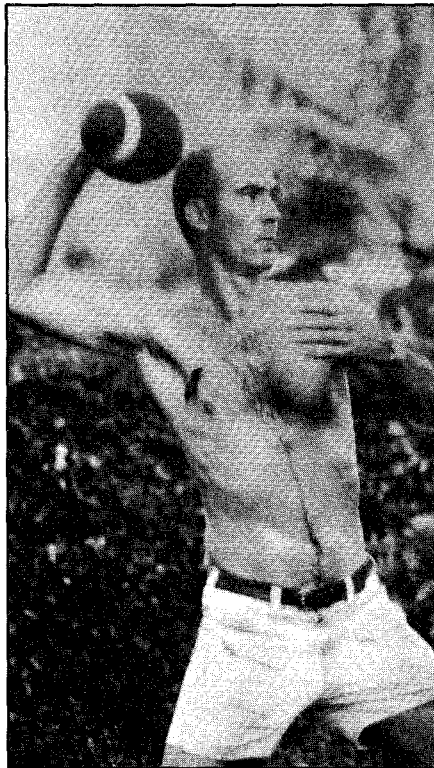


photo of Hunter Thompson by Tom Corcoran

six or eight people at a clip just to drink their blood. The leader of the cult used to be a major in the Marines, Thompson tells a captive audience of rube-ish lawmen. "Naw! . . . Not a major!" says an outraged Georgia DA. "He wanted the pineal gland," says Thompson. "That's how he got big. When he quit the Marines he was just a little guy."

For Thompson, drugs proved to be vastly more satisfactory than the Hell's Angels. They not only carried him to the "place of definitions" but afforded him a more or less unmediated vision of The Edge. As far as his devout readers were concerned, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* was not a manic panty-raid or paranoid fantasy but writing to scale. "What is sane?" Thompson asked. "Especially in 'our country'—in this doomstruck era of Nixon. We are all *wired* into a *survival* trip now." His recipe for survival?—Drop acid and match strides with the rough beast slouching its way toward Watergate.

I've used all this space on Thompson's old books because the new book, *The*

Great Shark Hunt, is really a selected works which contains sizable chunks from the Angels and Fear and Loathing chronicles. It also contains samples of his work prior to becoming a "doctor of Gonzo Journalism"—notably, fairly straightforward reports from Latin America for the *National Observer* about smuggling and revolutionary shoot-outs. In addition there are extended musings on Jesus freaks, Jean Claude Killy, the Beatniks, Haight-Ashbury, the Oakland Raiders, Marlon Brando, Hemingway, as well as numerous irreverent things on Nixon and Jimmy Carter. Above all, there is the piece on the Kentucky Derby in 1970 for *Scanlan's Monthly*, the first Gonzo effort, in which the good doctor's search for the single face symbolizing "the whole doomed atavistic culture" leads him to his own hotel mirror: "There he was, by God—a puffy, drink-ravaged, disease-ridden caricature. . . ." We've met the menace and he is us—a lesson that has tutored Thompson's writing ever since. A corollary to which is Dr. Samuel Johnson's "He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man." If in the post-Nixon era the *zeitgeist* is laid back rather than far out, there is still "the pain of being a man." And Hunter Thompson is only slightly less fascinating and cathartic today than he was half a dozen years ago.

William Plummer

William Plummer is the book review editor of *Quest/79* magazine and a freelance writer and reviewer.

Brief Reviews

Abbey's Road by Edward Abbey

(Dutton; \$9.95)

The Federal Trade Commission has ruled that celebrities who endorse commercial products can be sued if the products don't live up to their claims, and if it ever applies that principle to book reviewing then some admirers of Edward Abbey are going to be in big trouble. Wallace Stegner compares Abbey to Thoreau; Geoffrey Wolff praises him as "a lone wolf, loyal to no conventional wisdom"; Edward

BROOKLYN SUMMER

She cooked all day
her skin turning rosy
and the walls of the house
seeming to sweat
like heavy leaves in the jungle.

She had a chicken in the oven
even though it was summer
and the open windows
only brought news
of boiling children
falling in the street.

Then, at the end,
she wiped her face,
thoughtlessly,
like a swimmer
stepping out of the ocean.

And the father came home
and washed
and my friend Gerry
came in
and then they enjoyed everything,
sitting for an hour
sweating and talking
at the table
like guerrillas who have won the war.

And then, for the
first time in years,
she went out
on the fire escape with them,
and I heard her laugh
when someone blew smoke rings,
and she slept with her foot
hanging over the edge
like a root.

Lou Lipsitz

Hoagland calls him "one of a kind." All this from a pretentious book jacket which also has Abbey describing himself as "a fulltime iconoclast who lives and loves by choice far out on the very verge of things, on the edge of the abyss where this world falls off into the depths of another," which sounds like a line from a Dewar's Scotch ad. This book consists of several essays about nature and people in Australia, Mexico, and the American Southwest, where Abbey lives. Readers more skeptical than those cited above may conclude that Abbey has as much in common with Thoreau as John Denver has with Verdi, that he is loyal neither to conventional wisdom nor to any other type, and that we are lucky he is one of a kind.

Actually Abbey is one of a very familiar and tiresome kind, or rather of several. Sometimes he plays the hard-drinking rounder thumbing his nose at respectability, as when he gets drunk on

burgundy wine and thinks to himself, "All my life a loner, an outsider, a barbarian from the steppes, the wolf on the snow-covered hill. . . . And looking back at the human race, feeling I never belonged, my first thought, right now, is—thank God." Other times he prefers the role of the visionary liberal, detecting "majority support for the idea that we must bring the growth machine to a halt; that we must change our collective way of life; that we must conserve, not waste, energy and other resources; save, not destroy, the family farm, the small enterprise, the independent business"—ideas he says he promotes in "my slapstick, slapdash, sex-crazed manner." Abbey has other poses, each giving him yet another excuse for self-congratulation. "I am a feeler, not a thinker, and proud of it," he writes. "An extremist? Yes. And a revolutionist? Naturally." He certainly is no thinker, which is why the reader never gets a clear idea what Abbey's revolution would consist of, although it seems to have something to do with conservation.

Abbey can't be bothered with such details because he's too busy taking potshots at all his favorite targets, which range from science ("the whore of industry and war") to businessmen and developers to the "useless federal government." He thinks himself morally superior to most other writers: "I sometimes think I am the only writer in America who has to work for a living." And to journalists: asked by a college student why he doesn't look like a journalist, Abbey says scornfully, "I am an artist, sir, a creator of fictions. I am not and never will be a god-damned two-bit sycophantic journalist for Christ's sake." And to Annie Dillard, who is guilty of "name dropping. Always of one name. People who go around muttering about God make me nervous." If you want to read 200 pages of Edward Abbey's self-flattery, buy this book. If you're looking for a writer who captures some of the beauty and mystery of the natural world, though, I suggest Dillard's *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*, which is a hundred times superior to this smug, graceless book.

S.C.

From the Fifteenth District by Mavis Gallant

(Random House; \$8.95)

It is hard to tell the novella from the eight short stories in this new and excellent collection of Mavis Gallant's fiction. Four out of the eight short stories are about as long as the novella, and all of the pieces here (which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*) show a novelist's imagination at work, spanning a large public world and penetrating many private ones. Gallant ranges over the European scene since the mid-1930s, but never strays far from World War II. That war haunts almost every story; it is an approaching conflict, an upheaval which has just ended, leaving the world in disarray; or a distant but persistent memory which still undermines the postwar era of peace.

Most of the characters who inhabit this unsettled international world are exiles from their homelands, not by force or by design, but by virtue merely of circumstances, dire and not so dire. Gallant traces their personal histories in stories that proceed at an unhurried pace, accruing details and nuances about pasts, places, relationships, and inner lives. The most telling details are those that reveal what her characters selectively remember or forget about their pasts.

What Carmela, the young Italian protagonist of the novella, "The Four Seasons," remembered "for the present, was one smile, one gesture, one man's calm blessing." But rather than being the legacy of composure it seems, the calm blessing is a more disturbing sign. It is the parting gesture of a foreign Jewish doctor being deported as Mussolini clamps down and the war spreads—a war which bewildered Carmela during the year she spent as nanny to an expatriot English family. In Gallant's web of contrasting perceptions and political tensions, the doctor's gesture resists a simple reading. For the doctor, it is perhaps a mature acknowledgment of powers beyond his control and understanding; for the bystander Carmela, Gallant suggests, it is a youthful, too easy recollection that threatens to absolve her of an effort to understand—that year, that war, or that man.

The usually unheroic drama between personal and public histories which takes place in many of the stories is played out most clearly in one of the

longer stories, "Remission." Englishman Alec Webb, once a prisoner of war and now unsuited to life in the fast-paced, crowded postwar world, retreats to the Riviera to die a very slow death. While he declines, his wife, uprooted there with their family, instinctively and none too nobly finds a "foothold in the nineteen-fifties." Gallant starkly contrasts these two characters' accommodations to the passage of time. In other stories, her characters variously adapt to and resist their circumstances—the vicissitudes of the hotel business in southern France during the war, a return from a prisoner-of-war camp, a son's emigration. Gallant's characters lose and find one another as they cross and recross national borders, live through wars—travels and trouble usually beyond the scope of short fiction.

A.H.

I Love The Story of Vladimir Mayakovsky and Lili Brik by Ann and Samuel Charters

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$17.50)

Vladimir Mayakovsky inserted an odd personal detail in his political propaganda poem, "Good," written to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the Russian Revolution:

Brown
eyes
Smothered, swollen,
Hunger and no vitamins.

The doctor told me—
To make those eyes
see

You need
vegetables,
You need
warmth.
Not home to make soup
But to go to
my love
I'm dragging
two
small carrots
By their small tails. . . .

Those haunting eyes belonged to Lili Brik, wife of Osip Brik, Mayakovsky's publisher and most loyal supporter.

During the 15 years the three of them lived together—ending with Mayakovsky's suicide in 1930, at the age of 36—Lili was the subject of Mayakovsky's most passionate love poems. But this book is not, as its title seems to indicate, a simple love story. It is an absorbing, crisply written biography of Mayakovsky, emphasizing Lili's influence on him and his poetry, researched through diaries, love letters, and interviews with Lili, who lived until 1978.

Ann and Samuel Charters use the carrot episode in "Good" to illustrate a theme they trace through Mayakovsky's career: the strain between the public and the private poet. Mayakovsky was primarily a lyric poet; when he suppressed his lyric voice to write political poetry, both he and his work suffered. (The lack of energy in "Good" was so apparent the one Moscow paper scoffed at it as a "lackey's poem.") Three years after he wrote "Good," Mayakovsky admitted the pain he suffered in denying his lyric inclinations for the sake of the revolution:

But I
subdued
myself,
on the throat
setting my heel
of my own song.

How ironic, then, that Mayakovsky is today honored in the Soviet Union as the leading poet of the revolution.

Mayakovsky was indeed wildly excited by the events of 1917. He and Lili survived the following chaotic winters of shortages designing propaganda posters, buoyed by their faith in the new Soviet Russia. Mayakovsky and Osip Brik went so far as to insist that poetry was useless unless it served the revolution, and accordingly, they maneuvered with their group, the Futurists, to dominate Soviet art. The Futurists were soon pushed out of power by rival groups, however, and Mayakovsky, isolated from the officially approved artists, became increasingly disgusted with the spreading Soviet bureaucracy. His poems, always the truest indicators of his emotional state, grew harshly cynical.

It is not this bitter, political Mayakovsky the book describes most vividly, but the earlier poet: the tall youth who leapt from stone to stone along the beach, pacing out the rhythm of his lines; who constantly muttered scraps of poetry under his breath; who, after just a few meetings, abandoned his

belongings and moved to Petrograd to be near the Briks. His moods hung entirely on the warmth of Lili's responses to him, and his best poems were written in the exhilaration of fulfilled love or in jealousy and anguish when they quarreled or were separated. Lili, in turn, was always moved by the lyricism she glimpsed at their first formal meeting, when, in the midst of a loud recitation of exaggerated verse, Mayakovsky abruptly dropped his tone to say:

if you wish—
I'll be irreproachably tender:
not a man, but—a cloud in trousers.

L.D.

Correspondence, from page 7

party leaders no trouble. Politics under those conditions is stalemated; nothing much needs to be done; party leaders retain unchallenged control of their party organizations and of political life in general.

Professor Williams says I neglected to discuss "the public support—even enthusiasm—for an imperial and interventionist foreign policy" between the years of 1901 and 1916. I didn't discuss what didn't exist, for in matters of great consequence (as distinct from squeezing banana republics) there was no such support. In the end Roosevelt had to abandon straight-out imperialism (acquiring colonies) and any hope of forcibly protecting the "integrity" of China because he knew there was insufficient popular support for either. Wilson's assault on Vera Cruz brought popular outcries against him, according to his biographer, Arthur Link, and of course it was the virtually unanimous desire of the American people between 1914 and early 1917 to stay out of the European War.

Professor Williams claims I said that there was "no imperial doctrine behind the expansion" in 1898. What I actually said was that the creed of imperialism played a small part in the propaganda campaign to persuade Americans to accept the annexation of the Philippines. From President McKinley on, political leaders insisted that America was stuck with the Philippines through the "fortunes of war," that their "desire" was to leave the islands alone but that "duty," fortuitously thrust upon them, com-

pelled America to annex them. There is nothing "quirky" about concluding that in a propaganda campaign whose keynote was disclaiming imperial designs, the frank laudation of empire played a small part.

Lastly, Professor Williams complains that I do not "locate" my free republic "in reality." That is not wrong but irrelevant. Between 1890 and 1916 millions of Americans were determined to rid the republic of monopoly, oligarchy, and

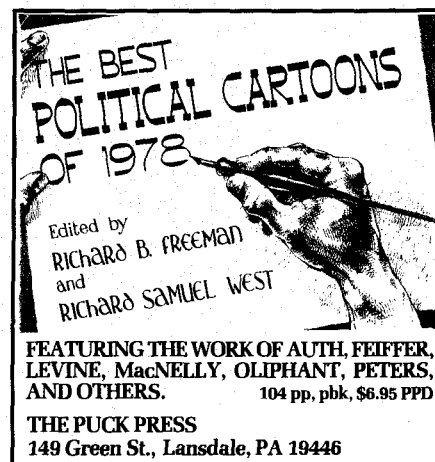
private power. They may have been "nostalgic," misguided, or even "ga-ga" but they lived, they acted, and they frightened the powerful. They set in motion the complex train of political actions that I describe in *The Politics of War*. Professor Williams does not approve of their aims, but then again neither did Roosevelt, Wilson, Mark Hanna, or J. P. Morgan.

Walter Karp
New York, New York

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My ad reads:



THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

Do you know anyone among your friends and acquaintances who feels personally threatened by the prospect of a deep recession during the next year? I don't. Not one, at least here in Washington. My friends who work for the administration may lose their jobs in November 1980, if things are sufficiently grim, but they will easily find more lucrative employment on the outside. Among the civil servants, lawyers, and journalists who form the young professional crowd here, I'm sure it's never occurred to people that they might find a pink slip in their pay envelopes, or even that they might have to accept reduced compensation for their labors. And of course there's no reason such a thing should occur to them, because it won't happen. The lawyers, especially, can feel secure against the threat of bad times. A friend of mine who works at a big Washington law firm recently was describing several very pleasant weeks he had spent wining and dining "on business" at a fancy hotel in a charming city. And who was the generous client? "Oh, it was part of the Penn Central bankruptcy."

Washingtonian magazine, our local "service" publication (the 10 best vegetarian caterers; where Henry Kissinger buys his shirts; etc.), reveals a shrewd understanding of its audience with an innovative feature in its August issue: real estate porno. The cover tease says, "Where Washington's VIPs Live! 16 Pages of Color Photos!" Inside are salacious color close-ups of people's houses. Not people in their houses: just the houses, full frontal, plus their assessed values and little maps showing where they're located so you can drive by and drool. It's supposed to be a parody of those maps of the stars' homes that they sell in Los Angeles, but the treatment is too loving and the assessment figures give the game away. This is pure smut, a blatant appeal to the local prurient obsession with real estate. Another local publication called *Washington Dossier* has had quite a success with a column called "Real Estate Transactions," which is a simple list of addresses that have changed hands, the names of the buyers and sellers, and the prices. A few months ago *Washingtonian* began imitating this feature, but now it has had the insight that the straight facts-and-figures approach leaves too much to the imagination. It is outrageous that these lascivious

photographs are peddled openly on the streets. Couldn't someone at least have applied an airbrush to the garages and sun porches? I have warned all the teenagers I know that if they finger this filth their credit ratings will fall off and they'll be unable to have mortgages.

Now that **Hedley Donovan** has been brought out of the Time, Inc., memory bank to provide intellectual luster for the White House staff, we all must make an effort to read *Time* magazine more seriously. I have been brooding over *Time's* recent Special Section on Leadership, trying to determine what exactly it is *Time's* editors wish me to think. Beginning with the premise that Americans are crying out for leaders (a cry unflatteringly compared, by quotation from Ortega y Gasset, to "the howling of innumerable dogs"), the introductory essay soon comes around to the opposite view: "It sometimes appears that Americans in the '70s have developed almost a psychological aversion to leading and being led, even while they complain that no one seems in charge any more. Simultaneously, the very scarcity of leadership is used as an all-purpose excuse for lethargy and privatism. The problem is profound." Not only that, it "has now become so pervasive as to be alarming." *Time* indignantly denies that "the talent for leadership has abruptly disappeared from the American genes," a charge that apparently is widespread. But: "The reasons for the current problems of leadership lie deeper. Societies may not always get the leadership they deserve and need, but they get a leadership that reflects the nature of the nation's power and the condition of its followers." Reference is made at this point to "archetypes as large in memory as Easter Island *moai* heads." Several yards along, we are told that "If leadership in the U.S. appears confused, it is mainly because Americans have become so difficult to lead. . . ." But then a few inches later we are getting less difficult again: "Mussolini once remarked that 'ruling the Italians is not difficult, it is merely useless.' The day may be coming when much the same could be said about Americans." Inspirational examples of modern leadership are offered: Mayor Maynard Jackson of Atlanta has built a new terminal at the airport; Colorado governor Dick Lamm has approved a new highway around Denver despite his promise not to. "Compromise has

become an increasing aspect of modern leadership," *Time* explains. The essay concludes on an optimistic note: "Despite all the problems, there remains a strong optimism about leadership." Its own thoughts exhausted, *Time* then asks a variety of quotables to name today's leaders. There are two votes for George Ball, the charismatic investment banker, and one each for George Burns, Ben Bradlee, Archibald MacLeish, and someone who is identified as the former president of Williams College. Finally, there are 50 leaders for tomorrow, down from 200 the last time this exercise was conducted five years ago. Five years from now, in 1984, *Time* can find us just one future leader, and that will be that.

The death of **Arthur Fiedler** last month uncorked a gusher of editorial prose, most of it the same gooey consistency as his music. A profile on CBS's "60 Minutes" shortly before he died revealed Fiedler to be a spiteful old sourpuss, kept vigorous into his 80s by the energizing effects of hatred and greed. But under the conventions of modern celebrityhood, this sort of character flaw is held to have made the silvery-maned gentleman even more wonderfully "human." It's too bad he's dead. OK? The mortality of famous people is an enduring puzzle and tragedy. That said, we surely are entitled to take comfort during our bereavement in the knowledge that at last Fiedler's baton has been stilled. To avoid charges of elitism, let us pass over his treatment of classical music. At least in leading his troops on forced marches through the standard repertoire, Fiedler attempted to perform the notes as written. Fiedler's real contribution to our culture was in promoting lush orchestrated travesties of good popular music: show tunes, jazz, rock. Every Fiedler concert I heard on the radio for the past year has included, as an "encore" ("And it seems there's going to be an encore," says William Pierce, the mellifluous orchestra spokesperson, still surprised after 400 years), a ludicrous swooping-violins rendition of the disco theme from *Saturday Night Fever*. ("Music by Gibb," says William Pierce in the same solemn tone he uses to say "Music by Beethoven.") And now the last encore has been played. A moment of silence, please. The longer the better.

M.E.K.

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Coal is the next best option. Coal can also be turned into gasoline and diesel fuel, but the process is more expensive and complex than that for oil shale. As with oil shale, coal mining also poses environmental problems.

Biomass (vegetation and organic wastes) is another possibility. The main advantage of biomass is that it is a renewable resource. However, biomass is difficult and expensive to collect and process.

The only automotive fuel currently being made that uses biomass is gasohol. Gasohol is a blend of 10% ethyl alcohol and gasoline. The use of gasohol in present-day cars can save gasoline and causes no insurmountable difficulties.

Hydrogen has often been discussed. Although engines can be run on hydrogen, its production potential appears

limited, and the practical problems of safe and efficient distribution and storage haven't yet been solved.

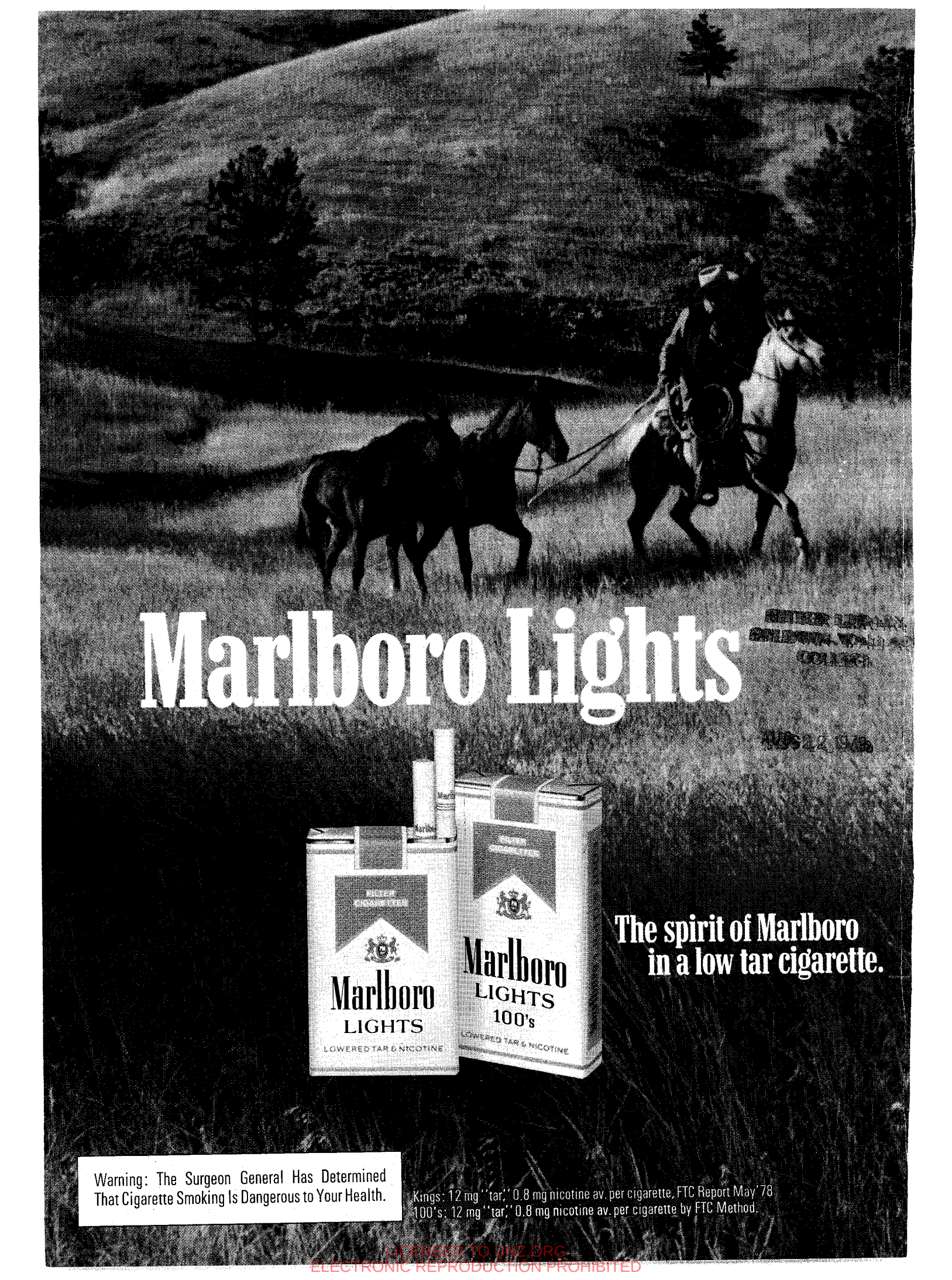
Although electricity isn't a fuel, it can be generated from non-petroleum resources. Some electrically-powered cars are already on the road. The problem is that with current lead-acid batteries they're only capable of traveling relatively short distances between battery charges. We're continuing to do extensive research on advanced zinc-nickel oxide storage batteries.

Nothing is more important than ensuring the supply of fuels needed to keep our country strong. At GM we are confident that if government and industry cooperate and work together to explore alternative energy sources, the problem of providing sufficient fuels for the future, at the lowest possible cost, can and will be solved.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation
to serve people



Marlboro Lights



The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.